

THE LEISURE HOUR



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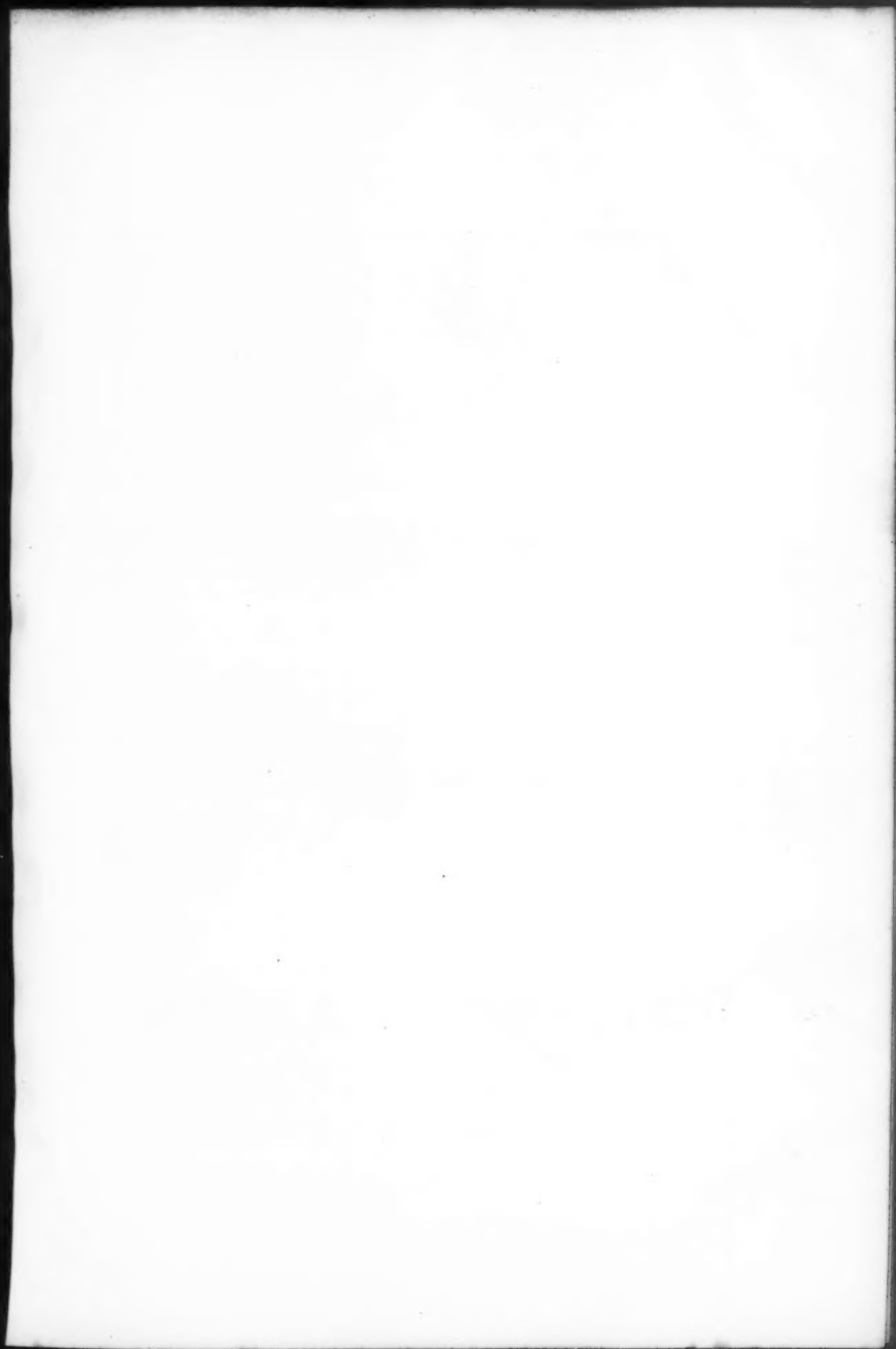


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## "NEW WINE"



"AND Moses went up . . . to the top of Pisgah . . . and the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan . . . and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palms, unto Zoar."

Tradition says that Simon Biedermann, standing on one of the hills which overlook the fair valley of the Tuscarawas, in the territory of Ohio, spoke these words to his followers, and immediately continued: "My friends, in truth this is the Promised Land whereof I told ye. Let us seek no further for a home, but dwell here and name the place, after the city which Moses saw, Zoar."

This was the beginning of a little German commune in the valley. Several hundred simple, earnest souls had landed together under the leadership of a young enthusiast whose heart was aflame with the spirit of reform, and had come into the wilderness to seek that perfect freedom in thought and in conscience which their fatherland denied them.

They purchased land from the Tuscarawas; and as they advanced, year by year, cutting down the impenetrable forests, and covering the ground with grain-fields and flocks and herds, gradually the Indians and wolves and bears

HE STAMPED THE CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED  
MODEL UNDER HIS FOOT.

retreated before them towards the country of the Illini. And presently there were to be seen, on one of the long slopes rising steeply from the river, the red roofs of a village built to resemble as closely as possible the tiny "Dorf" in the Harz from which many of the Zoarites came.

But the resemblance lay merely in external appearance and the preservation of German manners and customs; the spirit was totally different. Here, all the land belonged to the community; every man did his share of labour, and received a share of the common results according to his needs and to the size of his family. The women were on the same level with the men with regard to labour and its rewards; and the affairs of the community were managed by an assembly of all the citizens—that is, all men and women who had reached the age of twenty-one.

Each member of the community did the work for which he or she was best fitted, and so, by a process of natural selection, some carried on the necessary trades at home, and others laboured in the fields, while the lighter tasks were given to the old or feeble.

At the head of the village was the man under whose influence they had been led to adopt a new home and new laws. He was at once head of both Church and State. All religious instruction came through him, and he presided at all meetings of the Assembly. And the simple-hearted folk, knowing no other title, called him "king," and looked upon him as a father.

Simon Biedermann served his people well for thirty years, and when he died, fifty years ago, his son, another Simon, most naturally took his place. The town thrived in wealth and numbers, but remained a distinct island in the sea of population which poured into the Ohio valley during the first part of the present century.

It was in the days when Simon Biedermann the second was coming to be an old man that my story opens.

One summer evening, near sunset, there was a rebellion against Kuni, the cowherd. Kuni was too old and feeble to work, so he was made nominally cowherd-in-chief. The village boys were fully equal to the task of caring for the Zoarite cows, who in character partook of the sobriety of their masters; and so practically Kuni was the saga-man, the purveyor of fairy tales to feed the imaginations of the little Zoarites.

This evening, Kuni's gift of the silver tongue had drawn to the meadow the usual throng, and the knowledge that it was almost milking-time kept all breathless to hear the conclusion of the tale of the lovely princess and the cruel dwarf.

Suddenly, without warning, came the rebellion. A boy of twelve or thirteen, who had been lying on the grass, aside from the group under the tree, sprang to his feet and pushed his way through the charmed circle. Kuni looked up, and put his pipe into his mouth, an act which showed that he had lost the thread of his story. Without paying the slightest attention to the amazed and reproachful looks of the other children, the boy pulled the arm of a little girl who had been kneeling, wide-eyed, at the old man's knee.

"Come, Lieschen, come. I've something better than this."

Before the astonished cowherd or his faithful retainers could utter a word, he had dragged her away, unwilling and half-pouting as she was, and both had disappeared down the slope leading to the river.

"My Lieschen, what dost thou care for Kuni's stupid tales. Thou hast heard them all a hundred times," said he, in the German dialect which was the language of the community. "But such a thing as *this* hast thou never seen before."

He reached into a hollow tree and drew forth a queer-looking wooden structure, the use of which Lieschen could not understand until he stooped and placed it across the tiny brooklet in front of which the two were standing. Then she saw that it was a bridge, but was too vexed at the manner of her coming thither to give any sign of approval. On the contrary, she stood sulkily twisting her apron, and pretending not to see his anxious face turned to her for praise. "Ah, but is it not well made?" he queried at last, impatiently.

"It is not so nice as our bridge. It has no cover. I should fall off if I saw the water below."

"Thou stupid! A man made a bridge like this across a big river once, and he led a lot of soldiers over. *They* didn't fall off!" He spoke with supreme contempt. "When I am a man, I shall do nothing but build bridges!"

"But, Paul," fluttered the little girl, "when thou'rt a man thou'lt be king, and wear thy hat all the time."

"Yes, but first I shall go out into the world, and see such things and do such things—"

At that moment the crook of a stout cane interpolated itself between the children's heads and began to lift up the bridge before their amazed eyes.

"Ach, it is the king!" whispered Elizabeth, and with a sudden little curtsy she ran away. The patriarch's eyebrows were to her a source of unending dismay.

"So ho! What's this, my son? Huh, the bridge of Cæsar. Well built, too. But why?"

A slight frown drew the formidable eyebrows together, and Paul made haste to answer.

"The schoolmaster and I have been reading about it—so I built it. It would stand a flood-tide better than ours yonder—so it would!"

The old man began to smile, but the boy continued with increased earnestness:

"And when I am king, I will build a new one, and I will have—what do they call those things?—steam-engines, and—and—"

"So? Ach so?" said the king quietly, and in that moment he made up his mind; and his resolutions were adamant to break or to bend.

"Thou dost know well enough why thy name is Paul, and not Simon, as was thy father's and thy grandfather's. Often have I told thee: as theirs was the duty of planting and establishing the community in a strange land, so shall it be thine to perpetuate this, and moreover to win to our creed those of our neighbours who have not become too greatly perverted by the cursed inventions of a shameless modern age to listen to the doctrine of a life in accord with the simple laws of Nature. As yet thou dost not understand, but as for building new-fangled bridges and bringing in railways—"

He stamped the carefully constructed model beneath his boot and sent the crushed bits of wood floating down the stream. "So! This will teach thee to leave bridge-building alone. Stick to the ways of thy fathers; thy grandfather, even when conscience drove him to a new

country and a new form of government, yet held to the old ways and the old customs."

"But——" objected the boy.

"Home—to thy tasks! Away with thy Cæsar and out with thy Bible, and be thou ready to recite to me three chapters of the Acts when I return."

There was defiance and rebellion in Paul's face, but he turned slowly away without a word.

The king stood for a long time by the river in deep thought. He had just come from a heated discussion with the schoolmaster, in which the latter had strongly advocated sending Paul to college. The first Simon Biedermann had studied at a German university, and his son had studied with him, so it seemed well that the third ruler should have an education equal to that of his predecessors. The king had admitted this, but had feared contaminating influences from the outside world upon his son. The community must be strong in the simplicity and purity of its creed, and thus would it slowly prevail over the outside world without losing any of its peculiar qualities. With reference to college, said the king, as he took his departure, he would weigh the matter.

Now, as he stood by the river-bank, the king felt that the question was settled, and his face hardened in every line as he said to himself, "He shall be trained for the work that lies before him!"

He spoke truth, but the truth was not as he understood it. The child-like peasants were like clay in his hands, but his son was of the same metal as himself. The incident of the bridge was a straw in the current; and when Paul was eighteen years old he left the village—deliberately ran away. Secret rebellion had crystallised into definite plans for the conduct of his own life.

The news of his departure went from mouth to mouth in the community, and loud was the lamentation. "For who will be our king," said the people, "when good Father Simon is taken from us?"

But when these words reached the ears of the old man in the "King's House," as he sat shivering and chafing his cold hands before the fire, he turned to the schoolmaster, who had reported them, and said sternly, "Let the unworthy be forgotten. Tell the folk that God will send them a father!"

There was much gossip for months afterwards of a Sunday afternoon; and it was observed that old Barbara, who was at once post-mistress and keeper of the village "store," often shook her head and sighed repeatedly with the look of one who is wise in a secret, and who is sorely tempted to tell. But she never did.

After a while the people talked of other matters, but it was a sorry time for their leader. He spoke to none of his trouble; only Elizabeth, who had grown to be a sturdy maid with flaxen hair and dimpled arms, chanced one Sunday afternoon to meet him returning from a lonely

walk across the hills and ventured a timid sympathy. From that day they became close friends, and she would often turn and walk with him through the sweet-smelling fields. She knew that he was glad to have her, though he seldom spoke and never raised his eyes from the ground.

Thus seven years of rich harvests, of peace and plenty, of quiet joys and spiritual blessings, passed over the heads of the people.

One afternoon in the seventh summer Elizabeth lingered behind the other gleaners, and, being very tired, sat down among the wheat-stacks to rest. A shadow fell across the sunlight, and she looked up into the very face of which she had been dreaming. It was so changed that for a moment she could not move, but sat gazing in startled silence. Then, as he said nothing, she began, half under her breath, "Paul! Why hast thou come back?"

"Dost thou not think it is time?" he asked, and added in a bitter tone, "Is *that* thy welcome, Lieschen?"

"I have missed thee," she said slowly, going towards him with outstretched hands, "and so has the king, thy father."

"So?" He had seized her hands, but hastily released them. "Why, then, has he been silent all these years?"

"I—I know not. What dost thou mean?"

"I mean, why has he sent no word in answer to my letters? There was a time when a single word of love, or forgiveness even, would have kept me strong."

"I knew of no letters," said Elizabeth thoughtfully. "Paul, hast thou come back to see him?"

"There are various reasons," he answered evasively, and for a moment turned his face away. There fell a silence between them, and Elizabeth again was first to break it.

"Thou'rt changed, Paul."

He laughed, but not pleasantly. "Ay, I hope so."

"I am sorry," she answered gravely.

"Why so?" he retorted quickly. "Some things I have learned, and some unlearned, yet I am the same Paul."

"No, not the same, not at all the same."

"Ah, so? And does it grieve thee? We were sweethearts once, I remember, long ago, Lieschen."

"Long ago, Paul, you would not have spoken of me in that tone."

"Dost thou use 'you' to me? Then surely am I unforgiven!" Yet his tone was still light.

"I have nothing to forgive. But your father——" She broke off, then added hurriedly, "See, he is coming across the fields. He always walks up this way; he must not see you thus."

"And why not?" The young man lifted his head proudly, as one who is not ashamed.

Elizabeth said no more, but watched with intense anxiety the slow approach of the old



man. Not until he reached the two did he look up or seem conscious of anything unusual; then he raised his eyes to Paul's face and showed no surprise.

He looked at him long and steadily—a look which the young man acknowledged by taking off his hat and bowing his head. Then he repeated Elizabeth's question: "And why hast thou come back?"

"To build a bridge at Zoar," said Paul, emphasising each word; and again the two men looked at each other.

"Hast learned, then?" asked the king after a pause.

"Yes."

"Art happy in it?"

"Yes, father."

"And why at Zoar? Build thy bridges elsewhere. Here we need none."

"Because there is a company," said Paul unhesitatingly, "organised to put a railroad through the State; and I have persuaded the members of the corporation that it must go through Zoar."

"But why—why—why?" gasped the other.

"It will mean the upbuilding and making of every town that it passes through."

Elizabeth caught the old man's arm, for he trembled as if he would fall.

"Thou couldst do this—this—to thy home? Curse—curse—" he could say no more.

"But, my father," said Paul, quite calmly and argumentatively, "I know something of the world, and I know that this will be best for Zoar. No town can live for any length of time without yielding to its environment. Unless Zoar does this, it will die as a community."

It was the statement that the whole principle upon which Zoar had been founded and maintained for upwards of sixty years was radically wrong.

"Thou hast no love for me or for my people," said Simon Biedermann, out of the bitterness of his heart.

"If so, why have I written to thee? I wrote for three years and told thee all my life, and received no reply."

"Nay, for thy letters went into the fire unread. A king who deserts his people, a man who forsakes his life-work—what could such a one have to say to me?"

"Rather have I only just found my life-work," said Paul softly. "One thing was I born to do—thou didst deny me—and I sought help elsewhere. Is my sin beyond forgiveness?"

The old man clenched and unclenched his fists in helpless silence.

"I came back in the spirit of peace, my father, to bring this blessing of the new world to thy people and to bring them into touch with modern life. And hast thou nothing but reproaches for me?"

"Elizabeth," groaned the king, "help me home." The girl cast one pitiful look from the one to the other, then took the king's arm and

turned away. Paul let them go without a word, but in a moment his father stopped and looked back, saying in a strong, harsh voice, "Thou hast been traitor to my cause, and there can be nothing more between us. Go thine own way. I defy thee to do thy worst among my people. Elizabeth, I can go home alone."

He freed his arm from the girl's, and walked rapidly away.

"And I accept the defiance!" said Paul fiercely. "Elizabeth, he has wronged me beyond endurance."

"But he is old and sick, Paul, remember that; and he loves his people and fears that thou wilt do them harm."

"I have told him that it is all for the best," he persisted stubbornly.

"Yes, but our ways are not the ways of the world," she pleaded timidly.

"No, they are not—or my life would not have been spoiled. But they shall be—they must be!"

There was something in his tone which brought fear into Elizabeth's heart.

"Ah, no, no, Paul. But what art thou saying? Thy life is not spoiled!"

"Perhaps not," he said, with a harsh laugh. "That is not for me to say nor for thee to hear."

But these last four years I have not written home, as thou dost know. Well, I was fighting for a place in the world, with no man to help me. I have my place—that is, if I make a success of this work I have undertaken—but the devil will have his dues, they say."

"Don't—don't speak so, Paul; thou'rt good, I know."

"Why should I be?" he asked suddenly.

"Ah, but what dost thou, or anyone else here, know of the temptations of the world? Lieschen, by our old friendship, I ask thee to care for my father."

"Gladly, Paul, as I have tried to do in the past."

He bent forward suddenly and kissed her: "Lieschen, Lieschen, thou alone art quite the same."

But she broke from his grasp like a frightened bird, panting: "No—not—ach, Paul, let me go!"

Very soon after this there was a town meeting with reference to the railroad question. The king presided, and noted with relief that most of the speeches were made by the older members of the community, and were decidedly opposed to the innovation. The gist of their conclusions was that they were perfectly happy and prosperous without the railroad; it might, and almost certainly would, lead to undreamed-of evils; in short, that it would be well to resign all claims in favour of Summerville (a shabby little American village some ten miles away), especially as the latter town would suit the company quite as well.

What the king failed to note was the look of anxious expectation on the faces of some of the younger members. They did not dare to

controvert openly the wisdom of their elders, but they were waiting for him who would do so. This look of expectation changed to one of excitement as Paul Biedermann came forward to speak as the company's representative engineer. At once the king rose abruptly, resigned the chair to the first trustee, and left the hall.

The villagers turned eyes of wondering curiosity upon the young man. He had grown very far away from them; in manners and appearance he was a denizen of the distant world which their fathers had renounced for them. But he had not forgotten his native tongue; nor was there wanting to him something of the rugged eloquence with which his grandfather, decades before, had drawn his flock to him.

Paul set before the people, clearly and pointedly, the many advantages which would accrue to them through the innovation, answered in advance all objections which suggested themselves to him, and in conclusion (in that his father's abrupt departure forced this upon him) barely touched upon the relations between Simon Biedermann and himself. Perhaps the huskiness of his voice, as he tried to set himself right with his townsmen without injuring him to whom their loyalty was due, helped his cause. At all events, it was noticeable that the younger members of the community began to take part in the meeting, and when the question was put to the vote it was carried by a fair majority.

So it came about that in this early autumn there was a time of tumult and confusion among the old-fashioned folk of Zoar. The new railroad involved not only the building of a bridge, but also of an extensive piece of trestlework across the valley, and of a suitable station in the village.

Paul Biedermann found it necessary to have his headquarters in the town, and, making no further advances towards reconciliation with his father, took rooms in the village inn. Not without a pang, however, for as he walked past the stately brick house by the Public Gardens, to and from his work, he seemed to see reproachful faces at every window; and when he returned to the inn, old Mina, the cook, to whom in his childhood he had owed many a square of the famous Zoar gingerbread and cup of warm milk, seemed to look at him wistfully, as if pleading, "Try again!" But she never spoke; she knew Paul too well for that; and knew, moreover, that he had been wronged.

It was an unusually mild winter, even for Southern Ohio, and the work progressed rapidly, with comparatively few interruptions, until March. But withal it was a difficult piece of engineering, especially as railroad-building was still something of an experiment. There were many knotty problems for Paul to solve, many days of eager superintendence in all sorts of weather, many nights of intense mental strain in the calculation of results; worse than all this, the consciousness of the breach between

himself and his father was an ever-present reality to him, the sight of his father's haggard, suffering face became absolute torture, and again intense anxiety as to the future—for this piece of work meant reputation or failure—made the strain almost unbearable. Add to this long hours of exposure and fatigue, carelessness as to rest and nourishment; it was very clear by March that Paul was working with feverish strength to persuade himself that he was not on the verge of breaking down.

He had made one or two attempts at reconciliation. One entire evening he walked back and forth before his father's house, but the sense of injury within him was too strong; he could not enter. Once the two met face to face in the street. "Paul," broke from the old man's lips as if unconsciously, and the son removed his hat.

"Father," he said, with beating heart, but waited.

"Ay," said the king bitterly, "thou hast thy way. Thou art ready to be reconciled. No, I cannot, I cannot." And he turned away.

"Father," cried Paul, hurrying after him, "what can I—what can I do?"

"Nay," said Biedermann, "thou canst not undo it. Wouldst thou if it were possible?"

Paul shook his head in silence, and each man went his own way.

March set in wet and stormy. There came day after day of heavy rain, that often turned into ice as it fell; the river was higher than ever had been known before, and threatened to sweep away the old black-covered bridge, which Paul, so many years before, had declared was inferior to Cæsar's.

It was impossible to continue the work upon the bridge, and Paul's spirit chafed within him at the enforced delay, and still more under the strain of anxiety as to whether the unfinished structure would withstand the force of the torrent which was rolling down through the valley. He sat moodily before the fire at the old inn, trying to read or nervously pacing the floor, and drinking more wine than was well for him.

Once he started to write a letter, but after a dozen attempts threw the sheets into the fire. "No, no," he muttered, "success first; the victor must receive his laurel before he aspires to the— Oh, this storm, this storm, when a man's reputation—still more, his happiness—is at stake!"

It was the afternoon of the third day when Peter Weil appeared at the door of Paul's room. Weil was the miller, one of Paul's first and most faithful adherents in the village; and his support was the more valuable as his independent spirit and strong reasonable will-power had already made him a leader among the younger men.

"The bridge is going," began Weil abruptly, then recoiled a little before the look which came into Paul's eyes.

"The old bridge, of course, blunderer that I

am!" he added quickly. "I thought you might want to know."

"Thank you, Weil," said Paul, recovering his breath. "Have you no fear for the mill?"

"Very little," answered Peter. "My grandfather built it well, and I have done all in my power to strengthen it. But I must go back. There's no one in charge but Karl. The new bridge seems to be holding well so far."

There was a moment's silence, while the sleet rattled against the windows and the sky seemed to grow darker.

"I shall come down," said the young engineer at last; "and, Peter, if there is nothing to be done, don't rouse the town."

"No," said Peter, in some surprise, wondering why not; but Paul was thinking of his own bridge. To have the townspeople there, some pitying himself and others glorying in the destruction of his work—that would be agony.

Very quickly he went down to the river. The cordial with which he had fortified himself before starting seemed to fill his veins with fire, and yet he shivered as he stood on the bank and watched each log and clod of earth and obstruction of any sort as it struck the last pier of the bridge, rebounded, and went whirling down the stream. He held his breath when an unusually large trunk was dashed violently against the supporting stones; and when the danger was safely passed, looking towards the old bridge he saw that it was swaying and cracking in a most alarming manner.

"If that should be broken up and hurled as a mass of *débris* against the unfinished framework of the new structure—" He began to pick his way carefully along the beams extending out to the last pier. Everything was covered with a thin coating of ice, and, in spite of the extreme care with which he walked, clinging to every support within reach, he almost lost his footing several times. Moreover, he was dizzy, shivering, almost blind with headache, and trembled uncontrollably. "If the bridge goes down," he thought grimly, "I go with it. It is sink or swim, sure."

There was no one in sight as he walked out from the bank, Weil having returned to the mill; but just as he reached his destination a girl came down the village street, looking anxiously at the river and the bridge.

Elizabeth had been unable to control the impulse which drew her away from the fire and her sewing and led her out into the storm. For it was Paul's bridge, his reputation and happiness that were at stake; and she yearned with unutterable longing to be able to help. As she passed down the street, a gurgling sound louder than the rain met her ears, and she stopped a moment on the edge of a little brook, now curling far over its bed, and a wave of pain swept over her at the recollection, "This was where he had the model of the bridge—that day."

She hurried on to the river-bank, and at first glance her blood was chilled by the sight of a man standing on the farthest pier of the new

bridge. She could not distinguish his features, but could see that he was throwing his arms about and apparently talking or shouting, though the steady booming of the water against the covered bridge drowned all other sounds.

Elizabeth stopped at the very edge of the new bridge a few seconds, wondering whether she dared go out to warn the man of his perilous position. "What can he be doing?" she asked herself, as he crouched on the edge of a beam and seemed to be watching the waters beneath him.

All at once the intuition flashed into her straining eyes that it must be Paul; and she walked out along the slippery beams with no thought of fear. As she came nearer she saw that his face was deeply flushed and that he seemed to be talking incessantly, though no sound reached her ears.

There came a sudden blast of wind, and as she threw up her hands to steady herself, Paul turned suddenly and looked at her.

He looked at her, a sturdy red-cloaked maiden, whose yellow hair was flying in the wind and whose blue eyes were dark with excitement—looked at her as if he had never seen her before, and stopped his muttering.

"Paul, Paul," she cried, in her German, "what dost thou here? Come back; it is most unsafe."

He seemed not to hear, for he slowly shook his head. Then she came nearer and put her hand on his shoulder, though the sight of the torrent below turned her giddy.

"Dear, dear Paul," she cried with her lips at his ear, "come back with me, quick! See the bridge!"

He burst into laughter, then suddenly stood erect and waved his hat. "The bridge and I! The bridge and I! Ah, we'll swim together!"

Elizabeth understood English, though she did not speak it well; moreover, she understood illness, being, for one so young, a famous nurse, and she saw that it was not a time to delay. She seized her companion's hand and began gently drawing him backwards; but before she had advanced a step, the dull booming burst into a heavy crackling, crashing sound, and the central portion of the old bridge was torn away and came sweeping towards them. There was no time to retreat. Instinctively they caught each other and braced themselves for the shock.

A few moments later Elizabeth relaxed her tightly closed lips, and, still clinging to Paul, said gently: "We must go home now, dear. Thy bridge stands well; it will be safe now, thou seest."

Paul turned to her as a man in a dream. "What is it, Stella, you are saying?" He spoke English, and did not seem to have understood her words. "Dear, you are so beautiful, and so far away, my star, my guiding star!"

Elizabeth's face went white as she caught the meaning of these words, and she tried desperately to free herself, but he held her close, and continued in the same tender, dreamy



tones, though his voice was broken now and then.

"But you said, darling, there would be hope if I built the railroad—indeed, you said so. And your father, too, he had faith in me, you said. Stella, I must tell you a secret. There are pretty girls in our village—pretty girls—I loved one once—once—her name was—was—What was her name, dearest?"

"Never mind," said Elizabeth hoarsely. "Let me go, Paul, for heaven's sake." She did not dare struggle much for fear of increasing the peril of their position, but she could see and hear that another portion of the old bridge was being broken away and would be upon them in a moment.

"You are so much more beautiful than the German girls, Stella," he went on unheeding. "They all have blue eyes and yellow hair, like mine, not your wonderful dark—"

The utter misery in Elizabeth's strangled sobs seemed to penetrate even his cloudy consciousness.

"What is the trouble, dear?" he asked suddenly, then tried to draw her tear-stained face to his shoulder, saying, "Don't cry, love, on our wedding-day. Come, the bridge is strong, let us go to the church."

"Ah, yes," cried Elizabeth, clutching at any suggestion to get him away. They reached the bank safely, how Elizabeth scarcely knew, for soon he became silent and let her lead him helpless as a little child, and once or twice he swayed and would have fallen but for her strong young arms.

As they stepped upon the bank the crashing, crackling noise arose again, and he turned, once more on the alert.

The great mass of broken timbers once more dashed with frightful impetus against the piers of the new bridge, and they crumbled like melting ice.

Paul stared for a moment, then tossed up his arms with a cry, and started to run towards the river, but almost instantly tripped and fell.

A few moments later, Peter Weil, drumming sadly upon the window-pane at the mill and dreaming of a certain pair of blue eyes that always looked coldly upon him, was startled by the vision of those same eyes, wild and wet, before the window. He flung wide the door, and Lieschen caught his arm, gasping, "Come, help me bring him here; he is ill—quick! Then go for his father and the doctor—oh, quick—quick!"

"But who is it?" asked Peter, bewildered.

"Paul," said Lieschen simply.

They brought him to the mill, then Peter took down his heavy coat from its peg. "There is no one else here," he said; "Karl has gone home."

"I am not afraid," said the girl quietly, "but the doctor must come—" her voice ended in a sob.

Peter turned slightly paler. "It is a long wet ride to Summerville, Lieschen," he said; "but I'll do it for you, and bring the doctor without fail, to save him for you."

"Not for me, oh, not for me," she said, turning her face away.

It was autumn before the first train steamed into the Zoar station, so much had the great storm of March delayed the work. A few of the older inhabitants still held aloof, but since the death of Simon Biedermann the tide of feeling in favour of the innovation had been most powerful: the great mass of Zoar's young people stood on the platform to cheer the incoming train. After that, there were speeches by the various officials and members of the company, and prominent among the speakers was the young engineer, Stephen Dow, who had so brilliantly completed a difficult piece of engineering. His face was flushed with happiness, for with his success had come to him not merely reputation, but the fair bride whose love had sustained him through all the discouragements of his task. To his honour be it said that when he spoke it was of his gifted young predecessor, to whose talent and perseverance he felt that he owed his own success. There were many wet eyes in the assembly—for the Zoarites are a tender-hearted people—and when Stephen Dow concluded his words of praise, even as they cheered him, their hearts turned in love and loyalty to both father and son, for they knew that each, according to his light, had loved them and striven for their good.

From that day on Zoar's prosperity was an assured fact. This strong-hearted community, in whose veins ran the pure sap of righteous living, was no longer an isolated branch, but had been grafted into the stock of society and was bearing sweet fruit.

And so, although Simon Biedermann had tried to pour the "new wine" into "old bottles" and the wine had been spilled, yet was it not lost, but it fell upon the earth and enriched it.

EDITH RICKERT.

## THE RANEE'S CHILDREN.

THERE were great rejoicings, and great preparations in the Palace, and all the city of Khetri, for the young Ranee was soon to become a mother. She was a gentle and beautiful girl, much beloved by the Rajah, to whom she had been married five years. Although in those five years she had borne him no children, he had not reproached her, nor had he even begun to think of taking another wife. But in the loneliness of the zenana, with her husband often absent on hunting or shooting expeditions, or on visits to the neighbouring Rajahs, the young Ranee had longed and prayed for a child, to brighten the dulness of her life. She had had water brought from the Ganges, and had bathed in it; she had spent whole days fasting and prostrate before the shrine of her goddess; but it had all been of no avail, until now, in the fifth year of her marriage, the moment was fast approaching when the long-looked-for son should come into the world, to gladden his mother's heart.

The astrologers were ready to make out the horoscope of the young heir of Khetri, the moment the gun should fire at the Palace. There was to be feasting and drinking and buksheesh galore for every faithful Rajput.

The Rajah sat below among his councillors, talking of all the grand things they would do for his son. For nearly a hundred years no son had been born to the reigning Rajah. The present Rajah himself was an adopted son, a distant cousin of the late Rajah, who was also the adopted son of his predecessor.

Now and again a messenger went up to the zenana, to ask how it fared with the Ranee.

At sunset there was a stir and commotion in the Ranee's chamber: the joyous voices of women and the feeble cry of a new-born infant. Then there was a sudden hush, the women stared blankly at each other, and the whisper went round: "*A girl!*" No one had ever dreamt of this. There was as much surprise and consternation in the zenana as if a girl baby had never been born into the world before.

"What is it?" asked the young mother faintly, struck by the sudden silence.

"The baby is a girl," said some one standing near, bending over her to whisper the dreadful tidings.

The young Ranee came from a distant State, and knew nothing of the customs of the stern and haughty Rajputs. "What matter," she said, laughing gently, "if it is alive and healthy?" Then she fell asleep, her heart full of an immeasurable content. Perhaps, if the truth were known, she would rather have a girl, who would be with her in the zenana till she married, than a boy, who would be always

outside with the men, learning to ride before he could speak, learning to shoot as soon as his small arms could hold the lightest gun.

A messenger came to the Rajah, where he sat among his Ministers, and with veiled face confessed with shame that the long-expected one was a girl.

"A girl! Impossible!" shouted the Rajah, springing from his chair. Then he sank down into it again with a paling of the lips, and a stealthy look at the men round him.

"Bah, it will be a boy next time!" said an ancient Minister who sat next him, laying his hand with unwonted want of respect on the Rajah's arm.

"We are all Rajputs here," said a stern-looking man on the other side.

One who was a Brahmin got up and went out.

"They are beginning to say at Jeypore that the Rajah of Khetri leans towards these new-fangled foreign notions of the British," said the stern-faced man.

"It is a lie!" cried the Rajah. "You know, Thakor Ram Bux, they are always trying to defame me to my suzerain the Maharajah of Jeypore. They would like to put their hand upon my Raj if they could only find an excuse."

"They say that you are the only Rajput who has only one Ranee, that you despise the customs of our race," went on the Thakor.

"I am young yet. I shall marry again," said the Rajah, flushing darkly.

"This will perhaps give them another handle against you," the Thakor added pitilessly.

"No one could possibly help a misfortune of this kind, sent by the gods," said the Rajah, but his eyes fell before the Thakor's.

"No Rajput is called father-in-law and brother-in-law," said the Thakor, quoting an old Rajput saying.

"Do as you will," said the Rajah hoarsely. "I shall go for a week's shooting," and he strode out of the room.

Thakor Ram Bux called an attendant.

"Send for the head nurse," said he.

"Yes, send for the head nurse," chorussed all the Ministers, and they stood up and whispered together.

The head nurse came, a dark figure closely veiled. She bore herself humbly, for she felt that the Ranee had brought disgrace on the whole zenana by that terrible mistake of hers. She belonged to the Thakor Ram Bux' own family, and was as relentless and as full of prejudices as himself. Even had it been otherwise, she could not have done much in the face of the Rajputs' immemorial custom, and the tacit consent of the Rajah.

"After all, what is a woman's life worth in



this crooked world, either on the guddi or in the kitchen?" she muttered to herself, as she toiled again up the steep stair to the zenana.

So the little life, so longed for and so prayed for, was ended the day that it began. A gasp or two and a shudder, and the little flame, only just lighted, trembled and went out.

The Ranee lay very ill for many weeks, delirious and full of pain; but in her delirium she must have heard strange things, for when she came to herself she never asked for her baby. She came back a grave and quiet woman, with a brooding shadow in her dark eyes. She was gentle and submissive as ever to her husband, when he came in gaily from his hunting and his pleasures, but she had forgotten her old caressing fondness, her rippling laughter, and her bright sweet ways.

Then the Rajah took another wife, and spent much of his time with her; she was young and merry, and had no shadows in her eyes. There was always laughing and singing and dancing in those pretty new apartments he had built for her. He only came to the wife of his boyhood when he was tired and out of spirits and troubled with State affairs. She rested and soothed him, and gave him wise and just counsel, for all things are known in the zenana.

Two years later, Khetri Palace and city waited again for the gun to fire from the terrace on the roof. Men left their business, and shut their shops in the city, and sat about in groups talking, ready for the feasting and the drinking to begin. There was hushed expectation and some little anxiety in the first Ranee's apartments. Who knew? One could never count on anything in this crooked world.

The young Ranee was there, full of excitement and curiosity. One of her women had been telling her something of the proud Rajputs' time-honoured customs.

"Oh, I hope it will be a boy," she said earnestly, and the elder woman thanked her with her eyes. She was a kind and bright creature, and though her merriment but rarely brought a smile to the face of her sister Ranee, the two had grown to be very close friends in these last months. Some wives, she knew well enough, would have been jealous and harsh, and would have used their older experience to bring her into endless troubles and disagreements with her husband; but the first Ranee was always gentle and kind, ready with a low-spoken word of advice when things were not altogether smooth, giving of her wifely experience freely for the other's needs.

Standing by her bed now, the young girl began to understand the shadow that seemed always to lie over her life, and from the bottom of her heart she hoped that all would be well with her now, although the birth of a son would disinherit any possible child of her own in the future.

Once more that cry of the new-born babe fell

on the mother's ear across the loud voices of her women.

"Is it a girl?" she asked. And they answered "Yes."

The young Ranee threw herself weeping on the floor. The mother turned her face to the wall, and said never a word.

No gun was fired from the terrace on the roof of the Palace, the expectant feasters went to their homes disappointed. The councillors whispered together in the great hall of the Palace, but they did not send for the head nurse. The Rajah was away on a long visit, drinking and carousing with one of his neighbours. When he came home he asked no questions, and no one had any news to tell.

The years went on, and the second Ranee had no children, but she was wiser than her predecessor: she sent for no water from the Ganges, she wasted no time at the shrines of any of her many goddesses. What the gods give unwillingly, is sometimes given in spite.

The two women were greater friends than ever, and something of the elder's gravity and quiet fell upon the younger.

The Rajah brought home a third wife, and not long after a fourth, and was hard put to it where to store them all in his ramshackly old palace. The young wives quarrelled amongst themselves, and sometimes made it hot for the Rajah with their exactions, and their complaints, and their tears. But he always found rest and sympathy with the wife he had loved in his early youth. She was a young woman still, after twelve years of married life, only five-and-twenty; and it may be if he had not feared overmuch the whispers and sneers of the great Court of Jeypore he would never have taken another wife.

Five years later, the women waited and watched again in the Ranee's chamber for the birth of an heir. But the gun on the Palace terrace was not loaded. They had got tired of waiting in the city for heirs and buksheesh and rejoicings that never came, and every man went about his affairs as usual. The Prime Ministers were taking their ease in their own houses, and no one had called the astrologers.

There was a shout of triumph from the women.

"A boy! The heir at last! Hail to the young chief! The Pearl of the State!" Their reproach was lifted off them at last.

The young Ranee bent down and kissed her friend with the tears shining in her tender dark eyes.

"It is a son," they said again. The mother gave a long sigh of satisfaction, and having now fulfilled her duty to her husband and to the State, she turned her face to the wall, and her gentle spirit fled away to join her murdered daughters in a land where there are no zenanas with their cruel secrets.

H. J. BOURCHIER.

## MIDLAND SKETCHES.

### BIRMINGHAM.



*From a photograph*

CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

*[by Whitlock.]*

**BIRMINGHAM**, the capital of the Midlands, is not only the biggest but the most interesting of our Midland towns, its present state being typical of so much that is going on around it, and its example having in many cases originated and stimulated that municipal progress which unmistakably exists.

We say nothing about its trades.

To do justice to them would be impossible within these limits. It has more trades in its directory than any other town except London, and these many industries are distributed not so much in large factories as among little masters. Hence a general survey is so difficult that none of the books in which

it has been attempted—good as many of them are—have really covered the ground. Birmingham is known as the “toy shop of Europe,” the “hardware metropolis,” and so on; those who know the city to-day are content to greet the inadequacy of the description with a smile.

Let it suffice us that Birmingham is thriving. Like every place in which many trades spread the risks of competition over a multitude, the depression that may afflict one trade is balanced by the prosperity attending others, particularly if there be enough enterprise about to forsake old tracks for new and move with the times. One of the curious results of this activity of

trade is alluded to by the chief librarian, who remarks in his last report that it has lessened both the time and inclination for reading, and hence caused a check in the number of volumes issued. If this be true, it is clear enough that Birmingham must indeed be busy.

**Growth.** It is growing rapidly on the east and west. The working classes are migrating to the suburbs, so that the schools in the old thickly populated centres are left half-empty, while it becomes necessary to build new schools on the outskirts. And the houses occupy a wider space than usual. Birmingham does not believe in flats or workmen's barracks—its motto is one family to a house and as few lodgers as possible—hence, though it has five spacious sets of baths in different districts, which have cost upwards of £100,000, it has no public washhouses, there being room enough to do all the washing at home. Another significant fact is that the builder is equal to the demand, hence the Corporation has had to provide but a hundred or so workmen's dwellings, and these are either altered old houses or new cottages at five shillings a week.

Yet no town owes more to the Artisans' Dwellings Act which was passed in 1875, the second year of Mr. Chamberlain's mayoralty, in the days when modern Birmingham began. Mr. Chamberlain may have his detractors as to what he has done for his country at Westminster, but he has none as to what he did for Birmingham. The older men who were in the Corporation with him a quarter of a century ago will all tell you, that never did a man work harder at detail or guide a policy of reform with more clear-headedness, than he did. Before he spoke he made himself acquainted with the facts, and when he acted he meant business. He was no mere figure-head, and it is not for nothing that Birmingham erected the memorial to him that stands in the square named after him.

**Gas.** In January 1874, two months after he became mayor, he proposed that the Corporation should purchase the gasworks. The proposal had been made before, but the company had doubted if it were really meant, and treated it as more or less of a joke. When Mr. Chamberlain took it in hand they recognised that matters were serious, and after some negotiation and the passing of a special Act of Parliament, the Corporation took possession at a cost of about £2,000,000. The money was well spent; there is no better gas supply in the country, the cost to the consumer is less than it was under the management of the company, and out of the profits more than half a million has been appropriated to public purposes and another half million has been carried to the sinking fund.

**Water.** Mr. Chamberlain's next proposal was to take over the waterworks. This also required an Act of Parliament, which was obtained, and the waterworks became town property on New Year's day 1876. Here, again, the works were enlarged,

and the supply improved, and the profits have gone to the relief of rates, but the city—it was made a city in 1889, when it added supporters and a crest to its old coat of arms—is increasing so quickly that the old sources of supply from the artesian wells at Aston and elsewhere, and the brooks, will probably soon be inadequate, and the Council have struck a blow for posterity by purchasing 45,000 acres in the valleys of the Elan and Claerwen, two tributaries of the Wye that rise in Wales, about eighty miles to the westward of the city. This new water scheme, on which over six millions is authorised to be spent, is promised to be so far completed by 1902 as to answer all requirements for twenty-five years, when the pipe road can be doubled if necessary.

**Improvements.** But Mr. Chamberlain did more for Birmingham than make it the master of its own gasworks and waterworks. He carried through its improvement scheme. What Birmingham was like before he took the reins can be fairly guessed at even now. Fine buildings are rising all about, most of them in that elaborate red-brick and terra-cotta work which has been found to withstand the atmosphere best; and most of them are all the more conspicuous from the sort of property that remains behind them. Entering the city from New Street station is like entering London from Liverpool Street; keeping on straight to the Mansion House is one thing, turning off sharp into Spitalfields is another; and in Birmingham you soon find your Spitalfields, even if you go straight on through the finest streets it has. But shabby as much of Birmingham is, its worst part was its centre, through which, under the powers of the Artisans' Dwellings Act, Corporation Street was run.

Listen to what Alderman White said in supporting the improvement scheme: "Scores upon scores of tenements are in a fearful condition of disrepair, and I could scarcely have believed, had I not seen with my own eyes and heard the facts from the tenants, that there are hundreds of leaky, damp, wretched houses, which are wholly unfit for human habitation, and only deserve to be condemned when the Council has the power to do so. Damp walls and floors abound in every direction. In passing through such streets as Thomas Street, the back of Lichfield Street, and other parts indicated in the plan before the Council, little else is to be seen but bowing roofs, tottering chimneys, tumble-down and often disused shopping, heaps of bricks, broken windows, and coarse, rough pavements, damp and sloppy. It is not easy to describe or imagine the dreary desolation which acre after acre of the very heart of the town presents to anyone who will take the trouble to visit it."

To eliminate this plague spot where the death rate was fifty-three per thousand, 90 acres of land were bought and cleared, and Corporation Street, one of the finest thoroughfares in the kingdom, a cricket pitch wide and nearly half a mile long, was built. The cost was over two

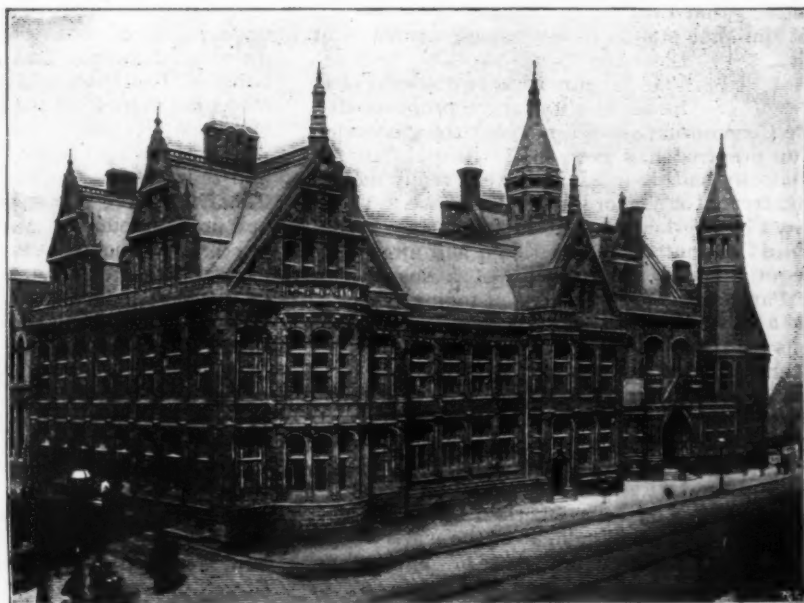


THE NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL.

millions, an excellent investment, considering that the city never parts with its freeholds, and that the value of the site is already a quarter of a million more. It was not, however, the finance which had such an effect, it was the example. A policy of reform set in, which has continued up to now. The third largest item of Birmingham's annual expenditure is the £88,000 it spends on health. The death rate has gone down, for the sanitary arrangements have been overhauled and remodelled; the refuse is dealt with in a destructor, of which the chimney is the tallest in the borough; the sewage is utilised on a farm of 1,300 acres; the drainage is better, the streets cleaner, and as the leases fall in new houses go up of a very different kind. The number of public buildings completed during the period is very great, the only public institution which has not been enlarged or rebuilt being seemingly the prison. The Town Hall is, of course, an exception, but that may be taken in conjunction with the Council House,

which was another of the achievements of the Chamberlain reign.

**Tramways.** To retain the control of the streets the Council, as far back as 1871, built the tramway lines, which it leases to the various companies, who have not yet agreed as to which is the best system of traction. Steam is the favourite form—you can go all the way to Dudley by steam tram if you please, but if you are bound to Handsworth you must travel by cable, if you would go to Nechells



VICTORIA LAW COURTS.



you are drawn by horses, and if leafy Edgbaston is your destination your car is driven by storage electricity. This is much the pleasantest travelling, and the trip is worth trying if only to discover how soon the toil and smoke can be left behind. One lovely spot in Edgbaston—reached, however, by omnibus and not by tram—is the Botanical Gardens; another charming retreat on the other side of the angle which the car goes near is Cannon Hill, the best of Birmingham's public parks.

Birmingham has acquired all its Parks. parks and recreation grounds during the last forty years, and they now number fourteen in all, making up an area of nearly three hundred and fifty acres, one of them being on a couple of wooded hills eight miles out at Bromsgrove Lickey. Cannon Hill is about two miles from New Street in the south-west—a munificent gift from Miss Ryland, in 1873, who not only gave the land, but had it laid out and planted at her own expense before handing it over to the Corporation. Its planning she entrusted to Mr. J. T. Gibson of Battersea, and there is an unmistakable resemblance to Battersea in its general features. It is quite as attractive, and that is saying much; its walks are as curving and shady, its flower-beds as rich, and its playing spaces similarly dealt with. It has no sub-tropical garden, but it has what Battersea might very well have, a student's garden, in which, labelled and classified, are a number of representative species, mostly British, of the chief botanical orders; the whole so compactly arranged in a series of beds cut in the lawn that they can be seen at a glance. Close to the garden is a pleasant fernery, containing nearly every species of British fern, and near it a pool in which are the chief water plants. On one side, the park is bounded by the river Rea, on whose banks a mile or so farther on the old village of Birmingham was built, and the river has been used to form a line of lakes, two of which are provided for boating and fishing, while another pool, fed from a spring within the enclosure, forms an open-air swimming bath, floored with concrete and surrounded with encing and thick shrubs. Miss Ryland not only laid out the park and formed these pools, but to make the gift complete in every way, she built the refreshment pavilion and the entrance lodge, so that the Corporation were at no preliminary expense whatever, beyond that for the greenhouses in which to preserve and propagate the plants. The people wished that this beautiful park, then of fifty-seven acres, now enlarged by half a dozen acres more, should bear her name, but to their request she declined to accede. In 1876 she gave Birmingham another park, that now known as the Victoria at Smallheath on the Coventry Road, in the south-eastern suburbs. This has an area of over forty-three acres, and it is estimated that these two parks thus given complete to the city represented a money value of £200,000. Victoria has also its pavilion, its

boating lake, its bathing pool, its playing fields, and a fine show of shrubs and flowers, though it is not equal to Cannon Hill in general effect.

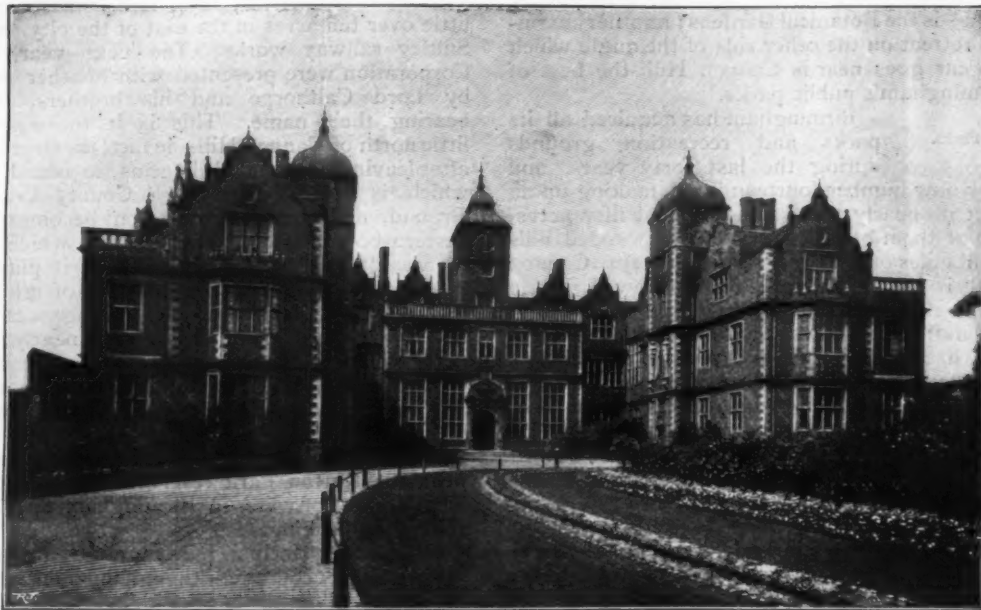
Birmingham's first park was that named after its donor Mr. Adderley, now Lord Norton. This was acquired in 1856, and consists of a little over ten acres in the east of the city, near Saltley railway works. The next year the Corporation were presented with another park by Lord Calthorpe and his brothers, and bearing their name. This is in the west, a little north of Cannon Hill—in fact, the river Rea after leaving Cannon Hill forms an island, on which is the Warwickshire County Cricket Ground, and a little farther on becomes the eastern boundary of Calthorpe Park, which has an area of thirty-one acres, most of it playing field, on which there is a good deal of cricketing and volunteer drilling. Highgate Park and Summerfield Park, the first of nearly nine acres, the other of over thirty-four, were both purchased by the Corporation and opened in 1876, Highgate being in the densely populated Deritend Ward about a mile south of New Street, Summerfield being in the north-west near the Rotton Park reservoir, which is the largest sheet of water in Birmingham open for rowing and sailing.

In all the principal parks games are permitted and encouraged, though no football or cricket is allowed on Bank holidays. The charges are the same at each park. You can row at sixpence an hour, you can fish for a shilling a day, you can practise cricket and football for nothing, but for a cricket match you pay half-a-crown or eighteen-pence if a junior team, for a football match a shilling, for lawn tennis eightpence an hour, for croquet with use of materials sixpence an hour, and for bowls threepence an hour; but the income from these charges is not great, the total from all the parks amounting to about £150 a year.

Birmingham's best-known park Aston. is probably that of Aston on the north-eastern border, which has an area of about fifty acres, in which is the hall now used as a museum, which is one of the finest examples of Jacobean architecture in the country. The house was begun in 1618, its builder being Sir Thomas Holte, the cavalier who was prevented by King Charles from disinheriting his son for having married the Bishop of London's daughter. Charles stayed at Aston for two nights just before the battle of Edgehill, and his bedroom is still shown; in December of the next year the hall was attacked by the Roundheads, and the staircase bears the marks of their cannonade, two of the balls—about the size of cricket balls—being preserved as curiosities. But the most interesting thing at Aston, in the chapel of all places, is a dynamo dating from 1844, shortly after Faraday's great discovery of induction. It was invented by Woolrich and built by Prime & Son and worked by them for many years, being the first magnetic machine

that ever deposited silver, gold, or copper, and the forerunner of all other dynamos. This was the first adoption of Faraday's great discovery, and much was he pleased when he went to Prime's and found his work so soon applied to

its parks Birmingham has its recreation grounds, several of them due to the ingenious treatment of old burial yards; and besides these its parks committee has the care of the 991 trees that flourish in its streets.



ASTON HALL.

practical use. Considering what Birmingham owes to electro-plate—to put it on the lowest possible ground—one would have thought that this glorious old machine, with its venerable horse-shoes, would have been in some place of honour in the central museum instead of being hidden away in Aston chapel.

Aston has had its vicissitudes. It left the hands of the Holtes over a century ago, the last of them, in Hutton's day, thumping at an anvil for bread in the fabrication of spades—"a most amiable man as any of his race, and the only baronet that ever shaped a shovel may take a melancholy ramble for miles upon the land of his ancestors, but cannot call one foot his own." It eventually became the property of some Warwick bankers, who left the estate to ripen under short leases, one of which was to James Watt, the son of steam-engine Watt, who died at Aston in 1848. Then the place got into the hands of a company whose entertainments fell under a cloud owing to the fall of a female Blondin, and finally, in 1864, the Corporation bought the hall and what was left of the park and threw it open to the public. The hall has much beautiful work about it; the collections it contains are of the miscellaneous kind characteristic of the old sort of museum—pictures, weapons, South Sea things, and so on, with a fine array of stuffed birds, the British ones well arranged, crowded into some small rooms on the first floor. In addition to

Museum and  
Art Gallery.

In Chamberlain Square, housed in a noble and suitable building recognisable all over the city by its clock tower, is the Art Gallery and Museum, which began in the Free Library and Midland Institute in 1867, and was finally installed in these handsome quarters in 1885. The great development was mainly due to Richard Tangye and his brother offering £10,000 for the purchase of pictures and art objects, a fund that by other donors was soon made up to £17,000, and has increased since, the value of the collections now being over £50,000. These galleries are open every day in the year, including Sundays, and have been visited by over seven millions of people. The museum is a sort of small South Kensington with a local application, the collection being rich in jewellery, metal work, arms, ware, and most branches of industrial and decorative art. The pictures, about three hundred in number, are excellently representative, and include several of note. The Pre-Raphaelites are strong. Here is Millais's "Blind Girl" with the butterfly on her shoulder and, in the distance, the little church which Ruskin discovered to have had its window traceries freshly whitewashed; and here is also "The Widow's Mite." Here is a replica of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix," and here is his study for the "Boat of Love." Here is Holman Hunt's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," with the wonderful painting of

Julia's black sleeve, and here is also Hunt's "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple." Here are Burne-Jones's gigantic water-colour "The Star of Bethlehem" and Madox Brown's "Last of England," and many good examples of living Academicians and others, in addition to some forty or more landscapes by David Cox, who was a native of Birmingham, he having been born in Deritend in 1783.

#### School of Art.

On its museum, and the municipal School of Art to which it is closely related, the Corporation spends £11,500 a year. This municipal school is the latest form of the school which began in 1821 and was taken over by the city authorities sixty years afterwards. The building was the last, and perhaps the most successful, effort of John Henry Chamberlain, the architect who did so much to improve Birmingham. The annual expenditure of the school is over £12,000, of which about £5,500 comes back again in grants and fees. The capital value is about £57,000, though the school cost the Corporation under £20,000, so liberally was the movement supported, for the Tangyes, to whom its success is chiefly due, gave nearly £11,000 towards it, Mr. Colmore gave the site worth £14,000, besides £1,000 towards the fittings and casts, and Miss Ryland gave £10,000.

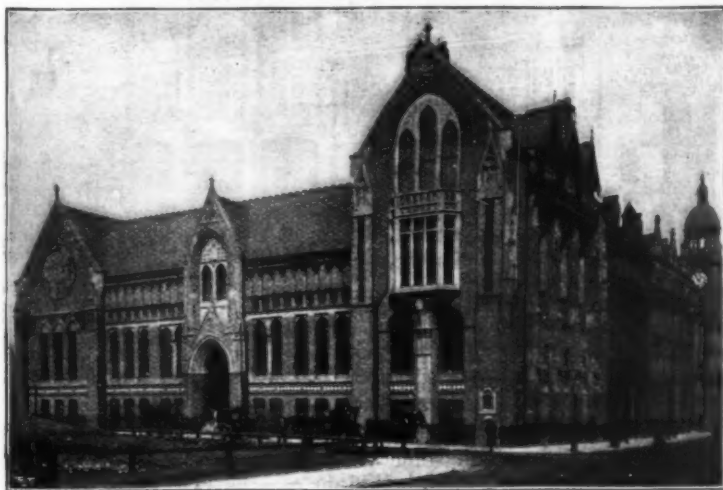
This was the first municipal school of art in the kingdom, and is the centre of a really thorough-going system of art education, the system being so organised in connection with the board and other schools that it is possible for a pupil not only to be taught drawing and kindred subjects without conflict of method

teaching all along the line. Besides the Central School there are no less than fourteen branches, one of them, that in Vittoria Street, being specially arranged for pupils engaged in the jewellery and allied trades. In the branch schools all the students are young artisans, the main object of these schools being to receive pupils immediately on leaving the day schools, whilst their fingers are still supple and before they have lost whatever proficiency in the subject they may already have obtained, every student's course of study being arranged specially so as to bear on his or her occupation. In these schools and in the Central School there are about 800 pupils holding scholarships and free admissions. At the Central School there are morning, afternoon, and evening classes on five days a week for forty weeks in the year, besides odds and ends. The building is thus well used, and "the work," to quote Mr. Hytch, the secretary, "has not only a great educational influence on the city, but a direct bearing upon the value and prosperity of the manufactures of the district. Indeed, the scope of the work done gives to the school a position absolutely unique in Great Britain."

#### Education.

Birmingham spends £172,000 on its public works, and £117,000 on its Board Schools. These are the two largest items in its accounts, and make up half its expenditure. In its Board Schools there are about 49,000 children, and there are 24,000 more in its denominational or efficient private schools, besides 4,000 pupils in Evening Continuation classes. The continuation classes are all free, so that the children, who may leave school as soon as they have passed the sixth standard, may find no bar whatever to carrying on their education before they have, as Mr. MacCarthy says, "lost the habit of learning or acquired the habit of loafing."

There are two Seventh Standard schools, both highly spoken of by the Government Inspector, the Waverley Road Technical and Commercial School, and its elder brother at Bridge Street. The former now contains a large Organised Science School. With the varied occupations of the infant school, the manual instruction centres for Standards V and VI, and the Bridge Street and Waverley Road Schools, there



SCHOOL OF ART.

from the most elementary to the most advanced stage, but to receive that instruction practically gratuitously. Under direct tuition there are some 3,500 students, the educational ladder as regards art being complete, and rising from the lowest standard of the Board Schools, the Central Art School supervising the drawing

was left but one gap in the hand and eye training of the children, viz. Standards I to IV. But this, also, has now been closed, by a carefully graduated system prepared by Mr. A. W. Bevis, the Board's superintendent over this part of their work. "The reproach," says the inspector, "against elementary education that it has



been too purely literary has now no basis in fact. On the other hand, the literary part of the work does not suffer, as far as I can see."

One great feature of the Birmingham schools is the way in which all grades work together. There is a ladder for learning as well as a ladder for art. Edward VI gave a grammar school each to Birmingham and King's Norton, with an endowment of £20 a-piece, which they could have in cash, or land to its value. King's Norton took the cash, with the results that may be guessed. Birmingham took land, and had returned to it some of the endowments of the Guild of the Holy Cross which had been seized by Henry VIII. These were worth £20 then, but they are in the heart of the present city, and the income from them has increased to such an extent that they support a High School for boys and another for girls, besides three grammar schools for boys and two for girls, educating in all over 2,000 pupils. These are Birmingham's secondary schools, its technical schools being the Municipal Technical School and Mason College. Admission to these higher grade schools is open to the pick of the Board School children by means of a system of scholarships, which the authorities would only be too glad to extend if founders were forthcoming, "minor" scholarships admitting to King Edward's schools, and "major" scholarships open to the Board Schools and King Edward's schools admitting to Mason College, or the Municipal Technical School.

This school, in Suffolk Street, is one of the most conspicuous buildings in Birmingham and one of the best schools in the country. It has been said that "whatever Birmingham organises, it plans and works with the maximum of completeness and technical ability," and it certainly acted up to its reputation in the planning of this school, on which it spends £14,000 a year, of which £10,000 comes back from the Exchequer contribution. The Corporation was one of the first to set to business under the Act of 1890, which provided the funds for technical instruction. From the Midland Institute, which has done such good work for so many years, it took over the science and trade classes, which began at once to increase in numbers so as to render a new

building necessary; and after much consultation and at a cost of £80,000 or thereabouts, this splendid assemblage of laboratories, workshops, class-rooms, and lecture theatres arose.

Mason College, which has about 1,100 students altogether in its day and evening classes, is another of those fine buildings which have risen in Birmingham during the last twenty years. It was founded by Sir Josiah Mason in 1875, the foundation stone being laid on his birthday, and being handsomely and honestly built—every piece of iron and stone and timber in it

Mason  
College.



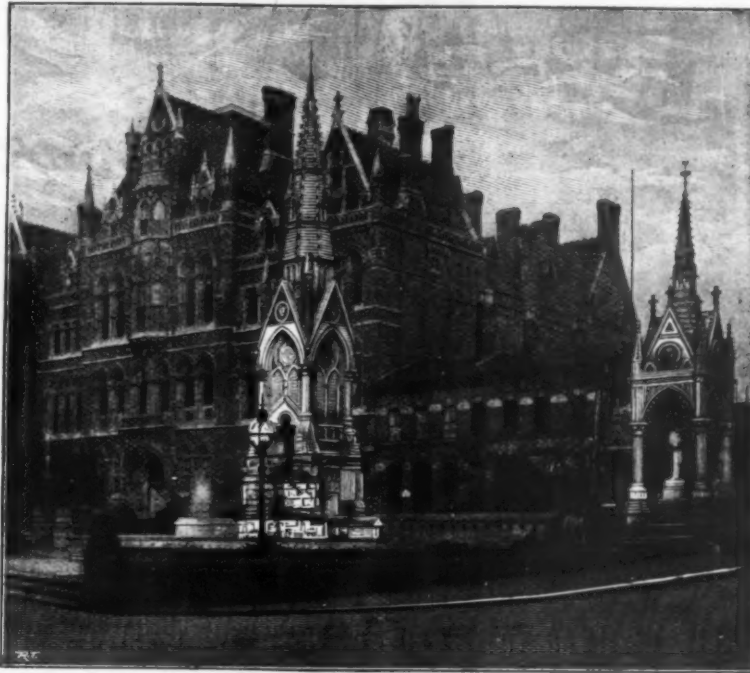
MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

was tested on the ground before acceptance—it took some years in completion, being opened in 1880, just eight months before the death of its founder. The site cost £23,000 and the building £60,000, and with the endowment the amount given by the founder was about £200,000; but the college is larger than he left it owing to the transfer to it of the Faculty of Medicine from Queen's College, and now covers an acre of land, and extends right through from Edmund Street to Great Charles Street. It spends some £14,000 a year, and its expenditure is always so little in excess of



its income that it seems a pity that the balance cannot be got on the other side for a year or two just by way of a change. At first Mason College was intended to teach only science and English, French, and German, but the programme was enlarged by its founder, and has been again and again enlarged until it now has a staff of over fifty professors and teachers who hold classes in all the subjects required for degrees in arts or science, its students meeting with very considerable success.

library was opened, the movement has advanced unchecked save by the fire in 1879, when the central libraries were destroyed. That calamity was a blessing in disguise; it evoked an example of public spirit such as has rarely been equalled; a town's meeting at once resolved to rebuild the libraries by means of a public subscription; in every workshop a list was opened, and so liberally did the money come in that in 1882 the new library was opened with 50,000 volumes in the reference department alone.



MASON COLLEGE.

**Libraries.** This slight sketch of the chief educational facilities of the city, from which everything regarding voluntary effort has necessarily been omitted, may fittingly conclude with a word or two as to its libraries. The old subscription library, founded in 1779, still flourishes, much on the same lines as the London Library. For years Birmingham fought shy of a free library. In 1853, when the town was first polled in the matter, the verdict was against the proposal; seven years afterwards the voting took another turn; and since 1861, when the first free lending

The reference library has now about 134,000 volumes, and the central lending library 27,000, and scattered over the city are nine branch libraries with about 7,000 volumes each; so that on December 31 last, the Birmingham Free Libraries contained over 222,000 volumes; the yearly issue amounting to 1,216,000; while the attendance in the reading rooms averaged 19,000 persons a day. Finally, it is worth noting that out of this immense circulation of books only three volumes were lost in the course of the year.

W. J. GORDON.

# THE GAUCHO



BULLOCK CARTS CARRYING GRAIN ACROSS THE PAMPAS

DESCENDED from the aboriginal tribes of Indians, very low in the scale of civilisation, who wandered over the vast plains of South America, and the highly civilised adventurous Spaniards who discovered the great River Plate in 1515, founded the city of Buenos Ayres, and colonised the surrounding country, the Gaucho shows curiously contradictory characteristics.

He is a savage at heart, cruel, indifferent to life or death, stoical, and seemingly without a spiritual nature; while from the Spaniard he has inherited a good intelligence, a sociable character, and pleasant manners, giving him ease and self-confidence with strangers and in every rank of society.

The term "Gaucho" is applied only to the inhabitants of the pampas, more commonly called *campo*. Strictly speaking, it describes a race of men living on horseback and scorning all work that has to be done on foot. This type of man necessarily fast disappears as the country is opened up by railways and falls under cultivation. He is gradually lost in the horde of Spanish, French, Italian, and Basque emigrants that pour into the country every year.

The old customs, strange superstitions, and picturesque simple life of this interesting race all vanish before the railway, which brings education, newspapers and books, clothing from Europe, and many other luxuries.

The pampas cover a huge area, stretching from the Andes to the South Atlantic Ocean. At first sight it seems impossible that any race superior to savages could have lived and prospered on these bare plains before there were means of bringing supplies from the outer world. How could fuel be obtained where no trees, bushes, far less coal or peat, can be found? How can implements for hunting or domestic use be made without wood, metal, or stone? Consider—on this huge plain there are tracts of land stretching for hundreds of miles where no

rocks can be seen or the smallest pebble picked up. Even water can only be got in dry weather by digging wells. The climate is burning hot in summer and cold in winter. Furious winds blow from the snowy regions of Patagonia for thousands of miles without hills or forests to break their force, or, equally unchecked, from the tropical north; while, though the climate is a dry one, at any season thunderstorms bring rain in torrents—rain which in a few hours floods the land, turning its alluvial soil into a quagmire often impossible to travel over till sun and wind have dried it up. The inventive genius of man, however, overcomes the difficulties of life in the barest deserts, and in proportion to the obstacles he contends with he becomes the more courageous, hardy, and capable.

The Gaucho has one source from which he can obtain most of the necessities of life—*i.e.* the herds of wild cattle and horses that roam over the pampas.

In his skilled hand the lasso, made by himself from twisted hide, is not only a useful implement but a dangerous weapon. With it, or with *boleadores* (three heavy balls attached to each other by short lengths of hide), he catches and throws helpless to the ground animals of all sizes. Bones, horns, fat, and sun-dried refuse picked up from the ground keep him supplied with fuel. Beef or horseflesh roasted on an open fire makes a sufficient meal. So content is he with such simple fare that he takes no trouble to break in cows to provide milk and butter, nor does he plant vegetables, although with little care most kinds grow in profusion in that rich soil. There is but one want that cannot be obtained at home, and without which a Gaucho's life would be devoid of its only comfort and luxury—that is, Paraguayan tea. This tea is made from the leaf and small twigs of a species of *ilex*, ground into a fine powder. It is brought from the neighbouring country of Paraguay, across

the great River Plate, packed and sewn up in undressed hides. Refreshing and stimulating, it has also the quality of being peculiarly sustaining. Taking it at sunrise, a man works for three or four hours without requiring solid food. It is supposed to counteract any bad



MATÉS AND BOMBILLAS.

effect of the great amount of animal food eaten by the natives of the pampas. The *maté* cup, served in the early morning, is *en évidence* all day. Strangers are welcomed with it; guests entertained by it; while it is as conducive to good-fellowship and gossip as a glass of spirits or cup of tea. The *yerba*, as the powdered leaf is called, is served in a small dried gourd or *maté*, often prettily carved or mounted in silver. The *maté* being half filled with *yerba*, a little sugar is added and boiling water poured in, then a silver spoon-shaped tube is inserted, through which the strong hot liquid is sipped. One *maté* is used, passed from hand to hand, the tube from mouth to mouth. To clean it before putting it to the lips would be considered insulting.

The furniture of the house is also obtained from the cattle and horses, as their skulls are often the only seats. One can picture no dwelling-place more dreary than a native rancho, inside or outside. Made of mud thatched with grass, there is no attempt at decoration. A few willow-trees may have been planted round the house, but they suffer from being used as horse-posts; also, in the shade of their branches the meat supply of the house is hung, the carcass of a cow or sheep, exposed to flies and dust and depredations of the cocks, hens, and turkeys, who, like the family, are carnivorous. All domestic work is done out of doors, including cooking. The house is only used for sleeping in and as a shelter from storms. Water is drawn from a well—a mere hole dug in the ground.

The more prosperous ranchos possess a

large beehive-shaped oven, in which can be baked bread or fowls. The only attempt at colour or decoration is to be seen in the bed-linen: bright scarlet pillows are covered with coarse hand-made lace, which is also used to trim sheets.

In spite of the monotonous lives and dreary homes of these people, they are most cheerful and sociable. When the hard work of summer is over, or when a number of men are gathered for shearing or cattle-marking, a dance is sure to be got up, and races, with much betting, and raffling, while the best horsemen show off their prowess playing *sortija*. This game is played with a ring, not much larger than a finger-ring, suspended from a crossbar by a thread; riding under at full speed the horseman tries to carry it away on the point of a short stick. He who succeeds oftenest is rewarded by a prize-ring, more gorgeous than valuable. As in other parts of the world, dancing is the most popular form of amusement. A *baile* causes great excitement in the neighbourhood. Early in the morning of the day a wagon is sent round to fetch the señoritas, the señoras who chaperone them, and the *chicos* (babies), who cannot be left behind. The nearest *pulperia* is ransacked for *dulces* (jam), *masitas* (biscuits), puff powder and scent for the use of the fair ones. Chocolate and *matés* are handed round. If the occasion is a great one a *carne con cuero* (ox roasted in its skin) is enjoyed in the *patio*. There is little or no drunkenness, although *caña*, spirit made from sugar-cane, is sure to be at hand, and perhaps native wines from the vineyards of Mendoza.

An accordion or guitar supplies music for the graceful Spanish dances, beautifully danced in spite of the rough mud-floor and crowded room. It happens at times all does not go smoothly, as when, on one occasion, an uninvited guest forced his way in to pay his addresses to the daughter of the house. Urged on by the host, the men turned on him, shouting "Kill him! kill him!" "Into the well with him!" Knives were drawn and revolvers fired. With a shot in his chest and a huge cut across his shoulder he fought his way out, and, finding a racehorse amongst the number tied up at the gate, he mounted its bare back, and, holding on to the halter, rode full gallop over twenty miles to the *estancia* of an Englishman, where in time he recovered from his wounds.

Though few of the natives know the reason for keeping them, all fasts and feasts are held as holidays, and most saints' days. Surely no country possesses a longer list and with more curious attributes. Santa Rosa brings storms. Another saint gives the señoritas the privilege of asking unwary men for gifts, and keeping them to their promises, however unreasonable. A dinner of salt fish is expected on Good Friday. The argument is hot in favour of its being a feast day—no doubt the simple Gaucho is misled because fish is a rare luxury. Carnival is a very merry time. The girls lie in wait for the young men with buckets full of water,



A FRIENDLY GATHERING AT A GAUCHO RANCHO.

pouring them over the luckless rider and his horse from an upper window, or suddenly catching him as he enters the house door. Then comes a hot chase and the girl is caught, and struggling and screaming is carried off in a pair of strong arms to the well, where tubs of water have been filled for retaliation.

San Juan is another great *fiesta*, marking winter instead of midsummer. The fires of St. John burn brightly in the frosty air. Boys and girls leap through the flames for luck. Then come the young *caballeros* urging their horses to trample on the burning mass and scatter the hot embers, the girls circling round try and drive them off, frightening the excited horses with flaming brands.

Superstition takes the place of religion with the Gaucho. Priests are few and widely scattered, and charge heavily for administering the ordinances of the Church. The marriage ceremony is therefore often dispensed with, but more effort is made to get children baptised. The father will ride far in search of an almanac to ascertain the saint's day, from which the child is named. The mass of the people have a strong belief in spiritualism. Many wonderful cures are wrought by men who are supposed to be divinely gifted and

therefore exert great influence over the people. They are probably trained mesmerists.

The Gaucho is nothing without his horse. Bandy-legged, turning in his toes, and walking stiffly, he is a poor figure on foot, but on horseback he is transformed, and appears graceful, alert, and perfectly one with his horse, with that peculiarly easy seat that only those who have ridden constantly and all their life ever attain. His horse is not much to look at, somewhat heavily built, rough-coated, and ungroomed; it is difficult to believe that it is descended from the Arab breed brought by the Spaniards when they first took the country. The *criollo* horse has many good points, however; like his master, he is not *delicado*, but lives in the open, often feeding on nothing but the hard wiry grass of the camp. He is small, but very strong, and capable of doing wonderfully long distances day after day. Every Gaucho's ambition is to possess a good *tropillo*—that is, from six to ten horses following a bell-mare.

The breaking in of the *potros* (young horses) is, of course, a matter of great interest. First the wild creature that has run free for two or three years, hardly having seen a human being, is driven into a *corral*, where it is lassoed and thrown; bound with the lasso it is helpless, trembling with fear and excitement it lies at the mercy of its future master, who handles it cruelly, kicking it and pulling it about to teach it submission, and finally forces a powerful Spanish bit into its mouth.



Its will is broken, and too often its spirit, and the Gaucho in his stupidity ruins the character of his horse. The next process is to ride him. Generally a professional *domador* is asked to do this, as not every man cares to ride an untried horse that in all likelihood may prove a buck-



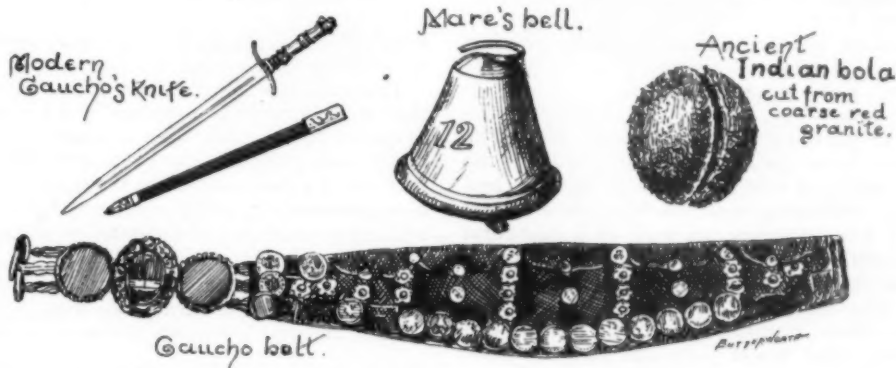
A HORSEMAN.

jumper. The horse, bitted and bridled, is led out, and the *reca'o* (native saddle) is arranged with care; it is composed of about half a dozen more or less decorated rugs and skins, all firmly secured with a *cinchón*, that is, a broad girth of hide. Then the *domador* steps out from a crowd of spectators who look on jesting, criticising, and betting as to whether the horse will throw him or not. He is rather a fine fellow. His broad *tirador* (waist-belt), perhaps made out of serpents' skins, gleams with silver coins and is fastened with a ponderous silver clasp. His *facón*, a long, pointed knife, stuck at his back,

over the *potro* boots (these are made from the skin of a dead horse, drawn on to the foot while still warm and so moulded into shape, then cured and scraped till white and pliant). The big toe protrudes from the open end of the boot, and rests on the small ring of the large decorated stirrup, ready to cast aside in danger, permitting the rider to land on his feet with marvellous dexterity, however badly his horse falls. A circus rider would wonder and envy could he see the grace and quickness of the Gaucho horseman. In the old days rider and horse were often covered with a mass of silver chains, and ornaments decorated with coins of value.

All being ready, the rider flings himself into his saddle. The horse stands trembling, twitching his ears, and rolling his eyes with terror and excitement. Shouts, blows, and stabs from the cruel spurs seem to have no effect. After a few minutes he collects himself, realises his power, bounds into the air, all his feet off the ground, his head and shoulders dropped, his hind quarters drawn in, with powerful twists and leaps he tries to get rid of the strange burden. The *domador* is tossed into the air like an india-rubber ball, but falls into his seat again, ready to rise once more or be carried at a mad gallop over the plain. Sometimes the horse succeeds in throwing the man, who receives no sympathy, only jeers from the onlookers. It is also told that some horses have slipped out of the saddle, passing it over their heads and forelegs without breaking the girth. The next process is to teach the *potro* to follow the *madrina* (literally godmother) of the *tropilla*. This is done by tying the two closely together and allowing them to feed in company for a time. The training a *potro* for a *tropilla* is of importance in a country where horses have to be caught and handled in the open.

The Gaucho travels great distances, going



has a showy silver handle. A black or striped *chiripá*—that is, a long strip of cloth—is caught round his waist by the *tirador*, and falling half way to the ankles is then drawn up between the knees and fastened with the clasp of the *tirador*. White cotton drawers, trimmed with coarse hand-made lace if he is a dandy, hang

from eighty to a hundred miles a day with his *tropilla*; as one horse tires he changes his *reca'o* to another, and mounting goes at an easy gallop, the spare horses trotting behind follow the sound of the mare's bell. At night it is sufficient to tether the mare, the rest are certain not to stray. Lighting a fire, the

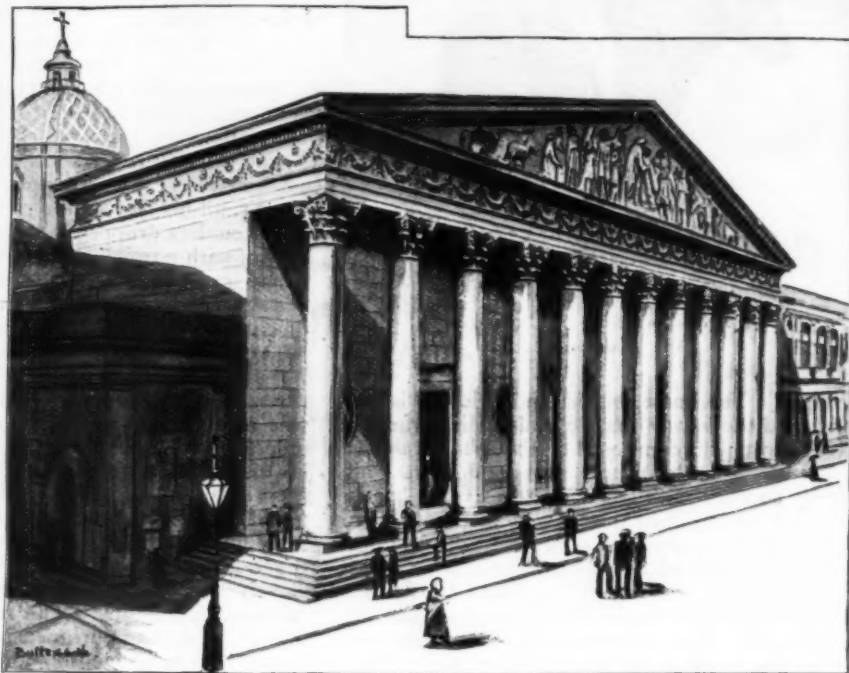
traveller roasts a bit of meat, prepares *maté*, and then sleeps well on the skins of his *reca'o*, sufficiently numerous to provide a mattress as well as coverings. They tell you a knife stuck in the grass above the sleeper's head breaks the force of the wind that generally sweeps across the pampa. Women and children ride as easily as men. The babies and foals grow up together. A tiny boy soon learns to climb up the horse's foreleg into the *reca'o*, the beast standing quiet to allow him to do so. In Chili, which is also a nation of riders, a passenger's railway ticket serves also for his horse, and all trains have horse-boxes attached. Unfortunately, in spite of this close companionship, the poor beast receives little consideration or affection from his master. If he be a racer or possess exceptional qualities he is well fed, and kept under cover on winter nights; otherwise he is ridden inconsiderately hard till worn out, for it is easy to replace him.

Fast before the stream of European civilisation the old style of Gaucho disappears, giving place to a very modern type of man, educated, speaking French and English as well as Spanish, fond of travelling, and a keen politician.

There is a story told of the coming of the railway to the old city of Cordoba in 1869. For over two centuries it had been ruled by the Jesuits, who had made it a centre of light and learning, converting and teaching the Indians, building fine churches, as well as a cathedral and university of striking and massive design. They knew well that their already waning power was bound to fall before the rush of modern ideas brought on flying iron wheels from the outer world. It was easy to rouse the simple-minded people to a panic of fear, indignation, and rage against the advancing train. Carrying the crucifix and holy relics, the priests lead a procession to curse the unholy thing. It is all in vain. As if it saw them not, the screaming, noisy engine, with its load of clear-headed practical men, dashes into the city past the dignified solemn group, who have to

return baffled to the cathedral, where the women are gathered in prayer against the evil powers of the world.

Again, a solitary rider galloping over the vast empty plain, seeing what he believes to be some living monster raging across his path, with the courage of ignorance charges at it, casting his lasso over its iron sides. He and his gallant horse with his stout lasso have often tested their strength against a raging bull or wildly galloping *potro* and overcome them; but against this new thing they have no power; it does not pause to wrestle, but sweeping on



THE CATHEDRAL AT BUENOS AYRES, COMMENCED 1580, FINISHED 1752

whirls them along in its flight, crushing them to death under its cruel wheels.

These stories may not be true in fact, but they well show how hopeless it is for the child of nature to hold his own against the powers of advancing civilisation that are bound to crush him out of existence; while these same powers, however crudely, bring truth and light into the ancient strongholds of superstition and religious tyranny.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Let us believe in this, and trust that the vast country of Argentina, which opens its hospitable ports to all those who cannot find scope for their energies in overcrowded Europe, may develop into a great and powerful nation, continuing all that is good in the traditions of the old world, and rejecting all that is evil in the new.

ANN SCOTT.

## CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



MR. ROBERTS' GARDEN.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—THE GARDEN BROUGHT FROM HOLLAND.

SQUARE cradle-walks with windows in them, pyramidal yews, smooth-clipped philareas, holme-trees cut to a point as sharp as their sharp leaves, neat privet and neat box, and, in the betweens of these, trim grass-plats and trim garden-beds—these made the garden brought from Holland.

The garden brought from Holland was Mr.

Roberts'. You might see Mr. Roberts in it every day, and one day in every eight days you might see him in it with two other persons. These other persons were, in Mr. Roberts' phrasing, a maid and a man.

The maid was aged three years, and the man was aged two.

These were almost the only persons that were ever to be seen with Mr. Roberts in his garden. The man, he said, was his friend, and the maid, he said, was his sweetheart. The man was

little James Sawyer, and the maid was his sister, Susan.

Mr. Roberts had names of his own for Susan and James. These were some of his names for Susan: Flip-flap, Friskin, Little Jillet, Little Gig. Each and all of these names contained a protest, the protest of a gentleman bewildered by the conduct of a lady who would run through the cradle-walks with arms spread out like wings, and round the pyramidal yews with hair flying in like fashion. That is what Flip-flap did.

Not that Flip-flap was her chief of names. Her chief of names was "Sweet Birdsnie." I want to make you see Mr. Roberts having a game of play with Sweet Birdsnie. This is one of their games. She stands while Mr. Roberts kneels, and, looking very gravely into his eyes, she sees in them two little pictures. Each is a little picture of Sweet Birdsnie. You are not to believe that any "miniaturas"—as Mr. Roberts calls such little pictures—were ever the match in loveliness of these.

This is another of their games. Mr. Roberts finds out flowers full of dew, and Sweet Birdsnie drinks from them. Sweet Birdsnie drinks like a bird, bending her head to sip, and throwing it back to swallow. The wonder of this thing is very great to Mr. Roberts, who does not know that all little children drink like birds, knowing, as he does, but very few little children.

This is another of their games. Sweet Birdsnie stands behind a tree, and sings out shrilly. Some call this game Bo-peep. Sweet Birdsnie and Mr. Roberts call it "Seest me and seest me not." Mr. Roberts always sees Sweet Birdsnie, and always pretends he sees her not.

With James the games are different. With James, Mr. Roberts plays at boxing, and wrestling, and prison-bars, and leap-frog, and shout-the-gate, not as these games are played by proficient in them, but as they are played by beginners in them.

"Little Gogmagogs" is Mr. Roberts' name for James when it is not "Pickled Rogue." When it is "Pickled Rogue" Mr. Roberts adds: "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

This is to make the humorous intention clear to the meanest understanding.

Solemn talk gives the touch of relief to all this frivolity, sage speculations as to why baalambs have short tails and moo-cows have long, and as to the meaning in the cucking of cuckoos and bumbling of bees. The flight of time, too, does not pass unnoticed. A dandelion puff is time-keeper, and gives the answer to "What's o'clock?" when blown by Sweet Birdsnie, Mr. Roberts counting.

At an hour which varies with sundown, the man and the maid, who are babies, are fetched by a woman, with whom there is sometimes a young girl. This young girl has, with the tender forehead of a child, a child's delicately rounded cheeks, and has a pretty dimple in her chin. Gold shines in her hair, and her soft, full lips are red as red geranium. For the

rest, she is somewhat pale, and is more slenderly made than even most young damsels in their teens.

Mr. Roberts says to her, "Miss, when will you be married?"

To which she answers, with a smile that puts sunlight all about her, "One of these odd-come-shortlies, sir."

Or else he says, "Miss, you will be married to-morrow, I think."

To which she answers, with a deep gravity, "To-morrow-come-never, sir."

Susan then says, with a kind hand laid on the girl's shoulder, "We wish you good evening, Mr. Roberts," and Mr. Roberts, a little later, is left alone in his garden.

All light has not gone from Mr. Roberts' garden with the going from it of Susan and Cicely. On the contrary, they seem to leave a luminous track behind them, as a boat does on a summer's sea. Mr. Roberts wears a look which is nowise dolorous, and indulges in a bit of soliloquy when in the solitude of a cradle-walk. His thoughts are still occupied with his recent visitors, but his bit of soliloquy has reference to all womankind. This is his bit of soliloquy:

"Sure they be sweetest creatures!"

All womanhood is exalted to this man by two women, high-hearted Cicely, the maid, and loyal Susan, the wife and mother.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE NAG'S HEAD INN.

THE law which had sanctioned the execution of Ambrose Gwinnett as the murderer of Richard Collings could not well dispute the claim of Mistress Murlin, as the merchant's next of kin, to inherit the nine thousand pounds which he had left. Had Mistress Murlin been as lavish of her money as she was lavish of her tongue, the three years which had passed since her coming in for this legacy would have greatly diminished it. She was, however, as her neighbours phrased it, "a near woman."

The result of this circumstance was that not one pound of that nine thousand pounds was touched. Conjecture busied itself with Mistress Murlin's intentions in regard to it, and perhaps the supposition which obtained most widely was that according to which she meant to dower her only child with it. Such plausibility was considered to attach to this notion that the number of suitors for Cicely's hand grew out of all measure and seemliness, as that young damsel put it, with an angry blush. "They love not me," she added bitterly—this was in talk with her father—"I will not be wed for nine thousand pounds!"

After that a silence fell, and the two gazed into the open. It was a fair spring world that lay before them, the month being that lovely one in which even the grass is in bud, and will soon be in flower. The Nag's Head Inn stood in its own grounds, before it and beside it a garden, behind it a field, divided from it only by a strip of yard. Mine host and his daughter



stood in the shadow of a tree, which was one of two flanking a door, and which on this morning of early May was as full of leaflets as, a month later, in early June, it would be full of leaves. The field was yellow rather than green, the many cowslips in it hiding the much more grass; an elder at its farther end was putting on loveliness, and even the nettles which grew in great plenty at its four corners were not unbeautiful. Mine host and his daughter were considering these things from the purely æsthetic aspect, when another aspect which belongs to them was forced into notice. This was the result of Mistress Murlin's appearing in the offing.

To Mistress Murlin an elder was a thing that yielded salad, and nettles were things that yielded pottage, and cowslips were things that yielded wine; while as for a field with an elder in it, with nettles in it, and cowslips in it, it became a vegetable garden and a vineyard, and the dame eyed it with that troublousness which results when the measure of its usefulness is made the measure of whatsoever thing. Then she caught sight of the couple under the tree, and made straight for them.

"Save you, Thomas," she exclaimed, "your pipe is broke, I think! And you, Miss, what make you here? Find you here gooseberries to pick? Well, I will not be angry."

The sudden change of tone boded no good, and Cicely looked alarmed.

"Who, think'st thou, I have talked with, Cicely?" her mother asked.

"With Mr. Roberts, belike," was surmised.

"With Mr. Roberts! Know'st not Mr. Roberts is fallen sick?"

"I knew it not. What ails he?"

"What ails he?" Mistress Murlin was fond of the reiterative style, also of the rhetorical question. "What ailed my uncle? What ails all sick? A *colicky disorder*. We are come to this: there is one name for all distempers."

This scathing sarcasm directed against the medical faculty of the eighteenth century, a body with whom the phrase "a colicky disorder" was as popular as with its successors of to-day is the phrase a *nervous complaint*, was not wholly unjust.

"I am sorry Mr. Roberts is fallen sick," the girl said quietly, adding, apparently as affording to herself the all of solace which accompanied this painful circumstance, "He is a patient gentleman."

"He is a foolosopher," Mistress Murlin exclaimed testily. There was no love lost between her and the attorney. It was part of the latter's gentlemanhood that he knew with whom to keep state and with whom to be familiar, to define a certain matter as he would have defined it. He kept state with the shrewish mistress of the Nag's Head Inn, and thus had never given her occasion to measure words with him. Instead, therefore, of anger and clamour to his face—and, to do Dame Murlin justice, she liked best thus venting her spleen—he brought upon himself only evil-speaking behind his back.

This troubled him not at all, while it very much troubled the dame, who would have enjoyed nothing more than a right-down quarrel with him. As affairs stood, she was wont to dub him "a plaguy proud, humoursome gentleman," when she did not, as on the occasion now more particularly under consideration, dub him "a foolosopher." This corruption of "philosopher," which has been by some deemed witty, was in so far original on her part as she had not read the classic to which it has been traced. "Some think," she added contemptuously, "there is a cloud on his intellects." Then she went back to her starting-point, saying airily,—

"The person I met, Cicely, was Master Dodd."

Master Dodd had, somewhat unexpectedly, come in for a fortune, and with it had come in for Mistress Murlin's goodwill.

"He spoke of what thou knowest," she added, "and hopes before a week he shall be told the happy day. Now, Miss, what scripples?"

"What scripples!" The girl flushed into loveliness. "He loves not me, and I not him. I will be dead before I will be Mistress Dodd."

"You will be Mistress Dodd before a week," answered Mistress Murlin.

"Good now, whist!" Master Murlin said to his daughter. Cicely, who had opened her mouth to speak, shut it again.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.

MR. ROBERTS sat in his office, a little room, sparsely furnished, the one picture which served for all ornament on the walls accentuating the absence of all else beyond the needful. This picture was the portrait of Mr. Roberts' mother.

The face of this beautiful and gentle person looked very gravely down upon the attorney, who would scarcely have been more surprised had a sudden frolic smile come to it than he was surprised at what actually happened, when the door over which this picture hung one day opened, and admitted the person whom least of all persons living the attorney expected ever to see again.

Mistress Murlin had been misinformed in regard to Mr. Roberts. He had not fallen a victim to the fashionable complaint, a colicky disorder, but, at the time of these rumours obtaining in regard to him, had been well and hale—had, in fact, been much better in his health than he was at this moment, for he was at this moment suffering from great shock.

That young Ambrose Gwinnett was alive Mr. Roberts had no reason to doubt; but he had every reason to believe that that youth would never again set foot on English soil. The law, which had taken so strong a step in regard to him three years before, would be hardly likely to countenance his being at large in England, and, having contrived to sail away from this country, it did not seem likely that he would ever sail back to it.

Here, however, he was, and, though he was considerably changed in appearance, and somewhat changed in manner—the boy had become a man, and the man was modified by travel—yet he was so far from illustrating aught but a natural development that, on closer scanning, he was plainly seen to be young Ambrose Gwinett.

After greetings exchanged, he took a seat at the table which served the attorney as desk. Here he sat facing his good friend, and for a time the two men looked at one another with quiet intentness. They were both young, and the three years which had lapsed since their last meeting had left less impress on the face of him of the white hair than on that of the gold-haired

had been for some time past the talk of the town, and a deep regret was felt on all sides in regard to it. No one, however, so far as Mr. Roberts knew, had hitherto exhibited the poignant anguish in reference to this shipwreck which was now exhibited by Ambrose Gwinett. It was some time before this mourner could find power to speak, then he lifted a face which was grey with misery, and said brokenly :

"Of those, sir, drowned in the wreck was Mr. Richard Collings. With your leave, sir, I will tell you more of this."

Ambrose then put the attorney in possession of all the facts in regard to Richard Collings which have been here already set forth. He



AMBROSE MUST BE STILL A MURDERER.

man who sat before him. Ambrose noticed the white hair, and started ; but he did not comment on it.

The attorney was first to speak. His words contained a grave protest. Ambrose listened to it quietly, then said, as it seemed to Mr. Roberts with intolerable irrelevancy :

"Sir, is it true that from the wreck which lies some little way out from here there 'scaped with life but one sheep."

Mr. Roberts nodded an acquiescence which he had not the patience to utter. Ambrose Gwinett bowed his face on the table. There was no doubt as to the genuineness of his distress, and the attorney asked for the explanation of it. The disaster referred to—the loss in actual sight of Deal Harbour of a ship from which one sheep only had made good its escape—

brought his somewhat prolix story to a close with the characteristic speech :

"Thus, sir, has died he who should have cleared two men that pass for murderers. Sure, sir, there is seen here the unsearchableness of God's judgments."

A silence which lasted for some minutes followed upon these words. Then the attorney said meditatively :

"There is not yet come to us here the list of those lost in that wreck. 'Twill come. But who shall give guarantee that the Richard Collings lost thus is not another man of this name ? Thou hadst speech of him ; but this will serve thee nothing, Ambrose. Hast thou aught in his handwriting ?"

Ambrose shook his head, and, indicating a stout stick which he carried, said :

"Alas, sir, I have nothing that his hand was ever set to save this staff, which he left by an oversight at the house where he supped the last day he was in Florida, and which I thought to bring to him, but he is now where he will never need staff more."

The attorney rose, and put his hand on the young man's shoulder, as he said impressively:

"This makes the staff thine, Ambrose. Take it for a sign that thou must be still a wanderer among the nations, and get thee hence with quickest speed. There are three here—but are no more—who always held thee innocent. I am one, and thy sister Susan is one, and there is one other—Dost thou now blush like a maid before I have named her?"

Ambrose had even done this, and, on being accused of the fact, turned sheepishly away.

"All others are thy unfriends," was added sorrowfully. "Heart, lad, now go. There is a ship leaves Deal for France to-morrow. The captain is my friend, and I will set all in order that he shall take thee aboard."

Ambrose shook himself free from the kind hand.

"Why, sir," he said, with a burst of anger, "shall I not bide in England?"

"Why, quotha!" was answered unhesitatingly—"least thy biding here bring shame upon two women. Shall Susan, shall Cicely—"

"Hold, sir!"—There was almost a menace in Ambrose's voice.—"*Your pardon!*"—This was added in deep contrition a moment later—"I was ever a little forward in my temper, sir." Ambrose was fully convinced of the justice of this singular charge which he brought against himself.

The attorney said nothing, but held out his hand to the gentlest and manliest lad whom it had ever been his lot to know. Grasping it strongly, Ambrose said:

"I thought, sir, never again to be held a murderer, but now I see my thought was foolishness. I am like to be made the Queen's prisoner, and am anyway the Queen's serf. You say well who bid me go, least I bring shame upon my friends. When you shall have set all in order, I will leave England!—*England!*—My heart bursts, sir, to say that word!"

The attorney's eyes grew very bright, and he tried to throw off stress of mood with a jest.

"Sooth, if England were a woman, Ambrose," he said, smiling, "I know a maid who should be jealous."

Ambrose Gwinett had no ears for this. He had thrown himself into the chair where he had sat before, and, with body bent over the table, was moaning,—

"England!—England!"

It was the cry of a son to his mother.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—THE SPANISH SAILOR.

WHAT in the language of to-day would be called "the get-up" was fairly good.

The dress was that of a Spanish sailor of the time—1713—the hair on head and lip

was blackened. For the rest, the eyes that went with this black hair and Spanish garb were frank English blue.

The hour was early afternoon as Ambrose Gwinett, thus disguised, set out to take a farewell look at three English homesteads. He did this with the reluctant consent of Mr. Roberts.

As he neared the sign of the Blue Anchor, Ambrose saw his father sitting, as his wont was, in the porch. The old man was not reading, but sat with bent head and hands upon his knees. He looked up as Ambrose paused before the house. Ambrose had travelled half the world over without seeing so bleak, inhospitable a face as this which was lifted as he stopped. That his father knew him was made plain by the deeper pallor that came to his flaccid cheeks and the strong tremor that shook his hands.

There was nothing said, and the pseudo-Spaniard passed on. A cart took him to Deal, and the sun was dropping in the west—it had gone behind a line of clouds, and made of them that wonderful thing most often seen in English skies, a line of burning mountains—when he found himself in sight of the Nag's Head Inn.

Master Murlin was at his doorway in talk with a gaffer, and bestowed on the young sailor the smile which he had for all. It was evident that he did not recognise Ambrose Gwinett. Mistress Murlin was equally duped, and it only remained to test Cicely. A good opportunity for doing this was afforded Ambrose, as, having left the inn at the rear, he took the road past the stone sitting on which he had been first seen by Cicely. She was now herself sitting on it in the slanting sunlight. She was sewing, and she was singing. Her song was the willow-wren's, which begins on a top note, and gradually descends with a hurried trill, a most pretty and sad little ditty. The willow-wren puts no words to it, and Cicely put none. She sang it over and over again.

Ambrose had meant to stop and sing to a maiden; it did not come into his thoughts to stop and speak to this bird. He walked on in blindness till he found himself by a hedge. Under that hedge he lay down and cried. He had not cried since manhood, because he had not since manhood felt grief as a boy feels it. He now felt grief in that way. It had come to him through a willow-wren, which he wanted to have and to hold.

*And the willow-wren?*

The willow-wren ceased singing, and became a girl again. The girl sewed and dreamed, and sewed and dreamed, at which rate sewing progresses slowly, for to sew and dream takes full twice as long as to sew alone. Her dream was of Ambrose Gwinett.

Lest anyone should think that this fact had some occult connection with the circumstance that Ambrose Gwinett had just been in Cicely's near vicinity, it must be told that her dreams were all of Ambrose Gwinett.

While she was dreaming, Master Dodd



crossed her vision, and the girl laughed softly. This was because Master Dodd walked exactly like a chaffinch, taking little mincing steps, and swaying his head from side to side. He had not always walked thus, but he had walked thus since coming in for a fortune, and since aspiring to the hand of this heiress. He asked the girl if her pleasure was to stay without the inn, or to enter it. She told him that it was her pleasure to enter it, and returned to it with him, walking just in his manner, like a chaffinch. Even the sun could not keep a quite grave face, but smiled visibly.

This is the moment to depict more fully Master Dodd. With hair which Cicely described as "bushy and black as a raven," he had the sunken upper-lip of white-headed age. He was moreover in body thin as a rake, this accounted a great drawback by the slim young girl whose wooer he was. Crowning defect of all, he had no play of feature to make good his lack of conversation. Of this lack he was himself half aware, and upon more than one occasion had said tentatively:

"I pretend not, Mistress Cicely, to great eloquence."

To which Mistress Cicely had always made the courteous reply:

"You jest, to be sure, Master Dodd."

A speech like that made Master Dodd very happy, howbeit he would meet it with another feeler, to wit this question:

"Doubtless you never found me a towering speaker, Mistress Cicely?"

To which Mistress Cicely's reply would be:

"Doubtless, Master Dodd, I found your talk ever plain sense."

It being remembered that Mistress Cicely was at this time aged seventeen, and that the man to whom she gave this measure of praise was but some half-dozen years her senior, it will be evident to some that he had as small cause for gratulation as ever had man who, like him, walked like a chaffinch, moving his head from side to side. While he was doing this, unconscious of the mimetic performance of the girl, the man in Ambrose was asserting himself again. Just as if he knew that no man in the wide world would ever win what he had won—the heart to which Master Dodd was laying siege so vainly—he made with a lightened heart for the hamlet beyond Deal where his sister had her home.

Strides long and swift soon brought him within sight of the field where he had been gibbeted. He kept along the edge of it, looking about him. Kine were now browsing in the field, as then they had been; but they had now a sun-filled sky over them, and were eating sunlit grass. Here and there a young cow among them seemed to eat the sun with the grass, and, in the in-betweens of thus refreshing nature, raced jubilantly round the meadows.

Ambrose plucked up heart, and advanced towards the house. He noticed with surprise that there was no ale-stake before it, and was

looking at it half in doubt as to whether or not it was, after all, his sister's house, when a little girl who was as like his sister as the same brow and the same mouth make likeness, came out of it, and placed herself against its front.

The child's face was sweet, while slightly austere, like the flavour of some very delicious fruits. Her dim mauve frock contrasted prettily with the dim red edifice. She had drawn up one foot like a stork. What this gesture denotes in the case of a stork is, it seems, of the things still unsolved by man. With little girls it denotes embarrassment. This little mauve-clad person, to whom virtually belonged this house, as sole daughter of its owner, was deeply embarrassed, and, on meeting the stranger's gaze, laid a round, blushing arm across her eyes.

Verily, extremes meet. There was an English queen, of whom it is recorded that her chief charm was bashfulness of face. This little commoner's daughter of England was chiefly charming by her bashfulness of face. The heart of him in the Spanish dress caught fire, and he said, falling out of his part:

"Sukie, 'tis nuncle!"

Sukie fled screaming, and Ambrose was still revolving in his mind whether or not he should follow her example in so far as flight was concerned, when his sister's arms were thrown about him.

There was no talk for many minutes; then there was a great chatter. It consisted mainly of personal comment, and a part of it is given in what follows.

"Why, Sue," Ambrose exclaimed, "thou art no way changed."

To which Sue made answer coquettishly:

"Thought'st, sooth, to see my colour faded, my face puckered up, and all my person lost in deformity?"

"Nay, Sue, but thou art wife and mother, and yet—"

"Yet Sue," was completed prettily.

Then Sue did this—you are besought, oh ladies of quality who read what follows, to remember that Sue was not a lady of quality—she put to her tongue-tip what she called her pocket-cloth—a voluminous, white four-square of linen, and then she put it to Ambrose's black moustache, and laughed the happiest, softest laugh, and said:

"It comes away!"

By "it" (does this need telling?) she meant the black, which had been put upon the gold.

Ambrose kissed her, laughing aloud. Then he looked about him rather anxiously, and expressed himself to the effect that it might be wiser to enter the house. They did so, and, when they re-emerged from it, it was evident that Susan had been weeping.

"Good, now, take heart," Ambrose said, as he paused at the gate before taking a last farewell. "Before three years I will come hither again, and thou wilt know me, Sue, though I speak in the French manner."



"Nay, an thou do that, I will throw thee aside for a coxcomb," Susan said angrily. 'An ever thou camest here making of legs and kissing the hand, I should for shame say straight to all: 'Tis Ambrose a-mocking the mountseers! 'Tis jest of his, and is not so anywise himself!'"

Ambrose's look waxed concerned. Plainly Susan had no talent for intrigue. Better so, was his second thought; best so, his third; and the look on his face changed to one of high happiness. Susan was standing in the sunlight, which fell strongly on her wide, white forehead. Her little children had gathered courage, and had run out to her where she stood with the stranger. The boy was still at the age when boys have the habits of young colliers and a skirt to tug and worry is what they love best. With his mother's skirt in his grip he was entirely happy, and bestowed a not unfriendly, howbeit also not quite friendly, glance on this man dropped down from the clouds, who announced himself as his and Sukie's nuncle. The girl, with quieter hands and feet, and a less qualified cordiality, peeped at the sailor

matter himself, for, being an Englishman, he tried to account for this joyousness which had come to him. Life seemed more beautiful and more worth living than it had ever seemed to him before, and, following close upon that paroxysm of agony which had unmanned him to the point of making him break into tears, there followed a lifting up of his heart which he was wholly at a loss to understand.

There were two roads which led each back to Deal; one was through fields, and the other along the sea. Ambrose chose the sea-road. Somewhat ahead of him a man was walking. Ambrose noticed him, at first unconsciously, and then consciously. The man was James Sawyer.

For a number of reasons Ambrose Gwinett was not desirous of meeting James Sawyer. He had put Susan in possession of the facts regarding the St. Helen's episode which had come to his knowledge, but had some reason to believe that James Sawyer, towards whom he had shown himself so suspicious, would doubt his account of a meeting with a man who was now as little forthcoming as he had then been. While he was deliberating as to whether or not he should retrace his steps and take the other road, James Sawyer turned, their eyes met, and each knew that he was recognised by the other, this in despite of the fact that the changes which three years of life on *terra firma* had effected in the mariner were not less than those which marked Ambrose in the masquerade which hid from many, if it did not hide from James Sawyer, that here was a landsman posing as sailor and an Englishman posing as Spaniard.

The two men were not so far from one another that a few paces made by each would not have brought them together, but, while James Sawyer remained standing still, looking before him with level gaze, Ambrose Gwinett walked silently past him, and on; thus being solved by these men the world-old question as to which in the case of a peace-making shall be first to hold out his hand. Each at this time was fully conscious of the wrong which he had done the other, and it might have seemed that the knowledge that they were alike under a cloud in the eyes of the rest of the world would have drawn them together; but the curious fact is that the cloud which was over each was what alone now held these two men apart. The explanation of this thing it is not easy to give, but perhaps it lies in the circumstance that an innocent man who is under a cloud comes to think almost as meanly of himself as the rest of the world thinks of him, and ceases to extend



THE MAN WAS JAMES SAWYER.

from her safe place in the folds of Susan's dress, and even half smiled at him as he walked backwards away.

Ambrose's heart was unaccountably light. This was the view which he came to take of the

to any a hand which the whole world will not take.

Be that as it may, while James Sawyer remained standing still, with eyes hard and dry, Ambrose Gwinett walked on, with eyes suspiciously bright and a burning heat in his forehead. Youth is hot, and even one so little subject to strong anger as was he could not but feel a stress at heart at this moment. He went on, striking at stones and rocks in his path, and feeling a certain satisfaction that there were in his way these concrete things that could be struck with a stick.

When, with a little lapse of time, his habitual calm re-asserted itself, Ambrose saw, not with entire satisfaction, that the thing which alone apparently had suffered from this treatment was the stick in question. He had held it by the point, and the crook of it had gone.

Now the crook of his stick was the part which served Ambrose Gwinett in best stead, for he did not use a walking-stick so much as a staff as he used it as a hook. Viewing it in the quiet mood which had come to him, he decided that without its crook it was an useless sort of thing, and forthwith set out in search of the crook. A look along the beach assured him that James Sawyer had betaken him thence, the probability being that he had struck out for his home by the land road.

With eyes kept steadily on the sand, Ambrose walked slowly back over his path. It was some time before he saw the object of his search. It lay beside a large rock, in a crevice of which, within a foot of it, James Sawyer stood. He was reading a paper intently.

Ambrose Gwinett did not care to go forward to take up the crook; on the other hand, an almost childish desire to possess himself of it now seized him, and he reflected that, by a twitch of his stick, he could move it from its position and bring it in such nearness to himself that he could grip it without being noticed by the deeply engrossed reader. Accordingly, placing himself on the other side of the rock, he protruded his arm cautiously. He had done no more than this when James Sawyer, quitting his crevice, stepped forth and confronted him. As he did so, he extended the paper which he had been reading, and said, in a somewhat strained voice:

"Here is what makes rich men of thee and me."

The paper, which Ambrose proceeded to read, contained the last will of Richard Collings, at the time of writing it about to become a passenger on board the *Perilla*, the vessel the wreck of which, at this time, lay some little way out from Deal. It left a property, consisting of nine thousand pounds, in three unequal parts, the sum of five pounds to go to the testamentarian's niece, Mistress Murlin, of the Nag's Head Inn in Deal, to pay, as was set forth with grim irony, for the customary suit of solemn black now for the first time made necessary in the case of her uncle; the sum of two thousand pounds to

go to James Sawyer, mariner, of Deal, once—this was stated at some length—the testamentarian's good friend, and never his enemy; the residue, being the sum of six thousand nine hundred and ninety-five pounds, to go to Ambrose Gwinett, junior, citizen of Canterbury, by lamentable miscarriage of justice hanged and gibbeted in Deal in 1709—here again there was lengthy setting forth of important matter. This document was signed by Richard Collings, merchant, of London, and duly attested. The two men read it, standing side by side. Neither said anything, except what was said in a long, strong grip of hands. Each owed the other amends, and made it thus. Then Ambrose, looking at the document in his brother-in-law's hand, said, in a tone of much perplexity:

"How came you, James, by that?"

"It lay where I stood," the sailor announced.

"How comes it thus unblemished to be thrown up by the sea?" Ambrose asked next.

The seaman laughed.

"Faith, lad," he answered, "there was never thrown up by the sea paper like this."

The laugh hurt Ambrose.

"It fell not from the sky," he said, a trifle sullenly. He still held in one hand his stick, and in the other the crook of it. The sailor took these from him, and pointed out that the stick was hollow.

"This is the thing it fell from," he said quietly, and, putting the stick under his arm, rolled the document to a scroll, then replaced it in the stick's hollow, and screwed the crook to it. The grooving was not of the best, which explained that the crook had not withstood the rough usage to which it had been put as Ambrose smote stones and rocks with it.

"This is the strangest thing I saw ever," was the comment of the latter, as his brother-in-law replaced the stick in his hand.

"I have seen in my day many sticks of this kind," James Sawyer announced. "There is much smuggling done with such, and I have known valuables to be conveyed secretly in sticks, where the export of them was forbid. There is also doctors' sticks, which have a receptacle for snuff."

"Is there so?" Ambrose asked with interest.

"I have heard," he added, "that the fops in London have sticks which have in them a world of baubles, but, heart! this stick of Mr. Collings' looks a plain club."

"It does so," the sailor admitted, with a thoughtful nod, looking at the unpromising stick in question, which Ambrose balanced on his hand. "'Twas a high piece of luck," he added, "that Mr. Collings took it not with him on his journey."

Ambrose assented, with a dreamy inclination of the head. His own view of this matter was a somewhat different one. A silence deeper than before setting in, the two men then walked back together to the woman who was wife and sister to them. Ambrose explained to her the wonder of the stick, and, unscrewing the crook,

drew forth the document, and placed it in her hands.

Susan could not read print without much spelling, and could not read script at all. The accomplished men, her husband and her brother, who could read both print and script, gave her a brief account of the contents of the will. Ambrose, whose strength, it will have been seen, was not in variety of diction, but who—a result, this, of his legal training, if it is not to be considered as bound up with his nationality—had a few choice phrases, which served all his purposes, took upon himself the business of commentator, and, finely ignoring the money aspect of this case, said, in words which will not strike readers of this page as quite new:

"Thus, Sue, are cleared two men that passed for murderers."

To this James Sawyer added:

"Hold up now thy head, wife!"

"Held I it ever not up, James?" was asked proudly. "There is two men passed never for murderers with me."

Two men neither of whom would have kindled at this speech would have been two men made of very wet wood. James Sawyer kindled instantly, and delivered himself of this notable speech:

"There be twain sorts of them"—with his thumb used as index-finger, he here indicated his wife, but he meant, it is obvious, all women—"angels and devils. Those that be angels will stand by one in his need all his days, and those that be devils will not stick to run up a gallows for one when his hard hour is come."

The allusion to Mistress Murlin was here transparent. Ambrose Gwinett, reddening deeply, constituted himself her champion in a speech which resolved itself into a statement that the hanging and gibbeting to which he had been subjected mainly through her was an unconsidered trifle in his thoughts, and left him wholly her well-wisher.

A Wednesday's child, an old saying has it, is loving and giving, and everyone had long come to know that Ambrose Gwinett was, if not in fact, yet in character, a Wednesday's child; but even a Wednesday's child is not expected to show the magnanimity which marked this speech of his, and the sailor, with a face of protest, was about to pass indignant comment on it, when Susan, with a greater brightness coming to her bright forehead, forestalled him.

"This gentleness in my brother, James," she said, "is from a pardoning love that fills him. He had ever the kindest heart for all mankind."

"Had he so, wife?" was asked, smiling, by James Sawyer. Then he laughed outright, and added:

"I' faith, I deemed, and still I deem, this gentleness in thy brother, Sue, is from his love for a piece of womankind."

"I' part, 'tis," was conceded gravely by Susan.

The sailor opened his lips to speak again,

but reined the words back. Her little ones had clambered to Susan's lap, and the two-year-old boy, with one of the unaccountable freaks of babyhood, had laid his fat, small hand on his mother's head, as a bishop might in blessing. James Sawyer laid his big hand on the little one, and refrained from further comment on his wife's simplicity.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE REGALE.

A MONTH had passed since James Sawyer had made that find which, he rightly concluded, would re-establish him and Ambrose Gwinett in the public estimation. Deal had fêted her citizen, and Canterbury had fêted her citizen. Enthusiasm had run high, and, as enthusiasm always does, had run low again.

Mr. Roberts then gave an entertainment, which was somewhat of the nature of what, in latter-day phrasing, is termed a garden-party. In other words, he received a small number of friends in his garden brought from Holland, where a repast, which those who partook of it called "a regale," was provided for them in an arbour. This thing was not quite common in Canterbury of 1713. If it had been quite common, it is just possible that an absolute original, as rumour—seldom entirely wrong—represented Mr. Roberts as being, might have hit on some other way of entertaining his friends. The persons honoured with Mr. Roberts' friendship, and, as a result, invited to his entertainment, were Master Gwinett and his son Ambrose, Master and Mistress Sawyer and their son and daughter, and Master and Mistress Murlin and their daughter.

It cannot be needful to say that, in extending his hospitality to Mistress Murlin, Mr. Roberts was acting on the commendable principle that man and wife are one.

The persons invited all came. Master Gwinett and his son were first to arrive. Any persons who imagine that Master Gwinett had experienced aught of embarrassment in connection with the exculpation of his son have radically misunderstood that old man's character. He had promised Ambrose to resume former relations towards him when he was of known innocence, and that promise he quietly redeemed. As he stood in talk with the attorney, the latter sounded him on his views regarding capital punishment. The criminal law of the time inflicted death for over two hundred different offences, and it was, perhaps, in a measure owing to this very large use of the rope that Ambrose had been subjected to hanging on evidence which, as has been seen, was not of the strongest. At a time when men were hanged for what would now be considered petty offences, it could, perhaps, scarce be deemed matter for indignant protest that he should have suffered the extreme penalty as under the suspicion of having committed the gravest of crimes. Not that this is the lenient view of the matter which one would expect to be



taken by the father of a man unjustly hanged. Howbeit, Master Gwinett the elder took it, and having expressed himself to this effect, and, moreover, extolled in warm terms the Spartan code of the time, listened with a face of high disapprobation to Mr. Roberts, who, far from approving of the severity of the current criminal law, went the length of saying that he hoped there would be fewer gibbets in England before the country was an hundred years older.

With lips pursed, the dealer moved away, and gave himself up to a critical inspection of Mr. Roberts' philareas. Mr. Roberts' philareas were so tortured by the shears as to make good to Master Gwinett in a measure what appeared to him the attorney's sentimentalism in regard to capital punishment. It was plain that Mr. Roberts' tender mercies did not extend themselves to plants, every tree and shrub in his garden being remorselessly clipped.

While Master Gwinett, with hands behind his back, as who should make as little of a large bodily compass as might be, walked along the garden paths, with gaze appreciative of the topiary style, his son, left alone with Mr. Roberts, opened up conversation with that gentleman, who had lapsed into a reverie, by saying, with an appropriate action which brought into fuller view the object of his comment—

"'Twas strange, sir, was't not, that I should have in this stick what clears me with my father?"

A look of pain, which passed to one of profound sadness, crossed the face of the attorney. Then he said gravely:

"'Tis a pitiful world we live in, Ambrose, where men's judgments stand them in so ill stead that there needs the like of this to open their eyes. Therefore it was I counselled thee that day to quit England."

Ambrose laughed.

"You did so, sir. Herein the stick was kinder" (the smile on his face broadened), "for it did not counsel me to quit England."

"And what if the stick had never fallen into thy hands, Ambrose—what then?" was asked by Mr. Roberts, with some heat. "This thing is more like a chance than any that I knew ever, and with my pleasure at it is mixed deep sorrow that a man's good name hangs on these haps."

"Haps, sir?" Ambrose exclaimed, in a tone of protest. He clung very firmly to a belief which rendered impossible his giving for a moment credence to the notion that aught of fortuitous could enter into life, and, in his surprise that the attorney should see a touch of adventitious in the thing which, as he himself had remarked, was the strange means of clearing him with his father, he developed an unusual eloquence, following up his exclamation of "Haps, sir?" with a veritable oration.

"Why, all is haps," he cried, "if this is a hap, Mr. Roberts! 'Tis a hap I went that day to Deal, 'tis a hap I was hanged and 'scaped

dying, 'tis a hap my being carried to Florida! I think every part of my life hath as much of hap, sir, as this falling into my hands of Mr. Collings' stick."

The attorney now smiled, and, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder, said gently:

"You are likely right, lad—you are likely right. There is no hap, or all is haps, and that is past a man's thinking who sees how orderly the world rolls round."

Having said this, Mr. Roberts, with a change of face and tone which marked him the perfection of a host, went forward to salute Master and Mistress Murlin, who arrived at this moment with their daughter. These three wore mourning. Mistress Murlin had decided that a higher dignity was shown in donning black for the kinsman who had treated her so unhandsomely than would be shown in flaunting gay colours, a course of demeanour which might be construed as showing that she had none of the native feelings of a niece. Mistress Murlin was deeply cast down inwardly, as was, perhaps, natural enough in the case of a woman who was not indifferent to material considerations, and from whom a carefully guarded property of nine thousand pounds, bating five pounds, was suddenly removed to other hands.

Outwardly Mistress Murlin was not cast down more than besemed a person in mourning for her uncle. She talked in cheerful tones with Mr. Roberts, having given her husband directions to open a conversation with Master Gwinett. This left for third couple Ambrose and Cicely. Ambrose and Cicely looked at one another, and then looked away from one another at the pyramidal yews. This led to the first uncheerful remark from Mistress Murlin. She said distressfully:

"Mark you that, now, Mr. Roberts? Those twain were thick as inkle-weavers at first meeting. The maid has had a hankering mind after him these three years, and now she looks away."

"Have patience, ma'am," was Mr. Roberts' reply to this. "I have a strong possession she will be Mistress Gwinett yet," he added.

Mistress Murlin was silent for a moment, then she said, employing the *argumentum ad hominem*, and speaking in a designedly loud tone: "I warrant me, Ambrose's English is now a little dashed with Spanish; he has an air of travel, has not he, Mr. Roberts?"

Ambrose could not rein back a smile. Three years before, it had been said of him at Deal Fair that he had an air of travel. The thing had then been said in irony; it was now plainly not said in irony. More comments followed upon it.

"'Tis thought he has kept great company, and, sure, he will have learnt abroad the complimentary way," Mistress Murlin continued, deftly combining hint with flattery. "She would never hearken to Master Dodd's plain *How d' ye's*."

"There she was right, ma'am," Mr. Roberts answered. "Plain *How d' ye's* came never



yet from a true lover. Love polishes the least polite."

This exquisite sentiment was wofully thrown away on Mistress Murlin, who was eyeing, not with entire approval, a quartett which had just entered the garden. It consisted of Master and Mistress Sawyer and their children.

Mistress Murlin bore no ill-will to any of these four, but she regarded their coming as inopportune, inasmuch as it would probably lead to a redistribution of the company. It did so, but, by tactful management of Mr. Roberts, Ambrose and Cicely were left together. Susan, in talk with Mr. Roberts, was blushing prettily. She was in holiday dress, and wore a bead necklet and mittens reaching to her elbows. Her hat was of yellow straw, under which was a white cap, trimmed with a red riband, which was passed through the straw and fastened under her chin. She was blushing because of Mr. Roberts' answer to a speech made by her, which had taken the form of the question:

"Is't well knit, Mr. Roberts?"

This question had reference, not to a neckerchief, but to a gift of gooseberry wine, Susan's contribution towards the feast in prospect. Mr. Roberts' reply had made manifest that the complimentary way is not the monopoly of foreign lands. He had uttered what was almost tantamount to a statement that gooseberry wine was never so well knit before. Small wonder that a blush had come to Susan's cheeks. Meanwhile, not to be outdone in courtesy, she said gravely, what put a crown upon George Roberts, being this:

"I had ever, and ever shall have, the greatest ambition, sir, to make myself worthy of your good thoughts."

While these choice speeches were passing between Mr. Roberts and Susan, Master Murlin was rallying the youthful James on the gay turn which his life was taking.

"At a regale yesterday, and at a regale to-day!" he said, indulging in a fine vein of what, in merry England of that time, was termed "drolling." "I doubt, man, you will be a racker."

The "man" addressed was making the round of the garden with his small hand in his sister's, and four limpid eyes were lifted to Master Murlin's.

Mistress Murlin the while was giving half an ear to a flam story (her own subsequent characterisation of the story in point) which was being told her by James Sawyer, who, true sailor as he was, had a large collection of flam stories, while she was giving the remaining ear and a half to the talk which was going on around.

"James' looks are cheerful," Mr. Roberts commented to Susan.

"Heart! Mr. Roberts," was the answer, "he is now alway merry as a Greek."

How merry Greeks are Susan knew as little as most persons of to-day know how merry grigs are. She used the expression to denote the uttermost limit of merriment.

A little after this the "regale" proper began. At a large four-square table the company took their seats in groups of two, each gentleman by a lady, as thus: Master Murlin by Mistress Sawyer, Master Sawyer by Mistress Murlin, Master Gwinett, junior, by Mistress Cicely Murlin, Mr. Roberts by Sweet Birdsnie.

Two gentlemen, the oldest and youngest of the party, had been found to be restoring nature with sleep when the feast was announced as served, and had been left to their slumbers.

The regale was in every way a success. When it was midway in progress, and there had set in the general good-will and happiness which somehow more often results when persons eat together in one place than when they occupy themselves in one place in any of the other myriad ways possible, Susan said, turning to her companion:

"Do you mark, sir, how all faces shine—smiles of gladness in them all, and in Mr. Roberts' smiles of kindness? This is the thing most like Heaven that I saw ever."

"'Twill end in a little," Master Murlin said gloomily.

"That 'tis not Heaven makes that," was answered by Susan thoughtfully. "In Heaven this will be always."

Poor Master Murlin sighed. He was not yet in Heaven. Then he remembered his courtesy, and fell in with the mood of the sweet and gracious person at his side. Facing him and her were Mr. Roberts and Sweet Birdsnie. The time for toasts now came, and Mr. Roberts, with a smile that was witty and tender, drank towards Sweet Birdsnie, his toast (an old one in old England) being this:

"Thy love and mine!"

Sweet Birdsnie, who had just set down a cup of milk, drank to him only with her eyes, which looked into his very thoughtfully, though Sweet Birdsnie was not thinking.

Meanwhile, young Ambrose Gwinett, who had evolved a pretty toast, was unwilling to address it to the back of Cicely's head. Accordingly he whispered words which may or may not have lingered in his memory, as they may or may not have lingered in the memory of him who reads this chapter:

"To look t'other way all the time, 'tis a shame."

Slowly a love-filled face was turned to his. Proud Cicely was won.

## IRISH SKETCHES.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "SENT BACK BY THE ANGELS."

### AN IRISH SCAMP.

THE Irish professional beggar is often one of the most impressive of the sons of men.

Here he is not, as in England, a being half proscribed, repelled by householders, baited by children, taught of policemen the secret of perpetual motion. His position is recognised. He has no need to scurry round a corner at the sight of a cloth helmet. The constable is his client; perhaps he has no other so steadily responsive. He goes his rounds as confidently as a doctor. If his mode be not peripatetic there is something almost judicial in his session. Consciousness of being honoured and respected breeds in the man self-respect and honour. But there is something more, and something deeper, than this, or any well reputed professional man might look like a beggar. That he never can do. That aspect of wide good-will, that gracious dignity, that simple sweetness, that sweet simplicity—which may yet be compatible with knowledge of some of the world's seams and wrong sides—is not attained of the ordinary trusted lawyer or of the average family doctor. A dean or an archdeacon conceivably might grow into it. I have seen it—once—on the face of an archbishop. To the Irish beggar it is as natural as his rags. It is the look of a man consecrate and apart. A gentle Nazarite might have worn it; for it belongs to one for whom not action, nor passion, but simple being, is a mission. The beggar moves through the world an embodied stimulant of that grace which shall cover the multitude of sins. What wonder that he is beautiful?

Very often he wears those white and abundant locks which would clothe the veriest rogue with a spurious sanctity. Frequently, too, either from the intervention of destiny, or else from his own sense of fitness, he is "dark." But even with a croppy head and two good eyes he is capable of that look. He does not lean upon externals. But if blind he be, there is a fine dramatic perception in his choice of a guide. Perhaps he sees a little with one eye; enough to select as foil and contrast to his venerable grandeur a woman whose wits seem weak and wandering, or a little merry child. He would never go forth led of a glum brat or a solid woman of business.

Blind or seeing, lame or marching on a pair of stout legs, hardly anybody refuses him. He lives generously; his heirs, I think, pay legacy duty. The hospitality of publicans would be a snare to his virtue, were not his head tempered to his need, so that, like right and truth, he is

not easily overcome. To him the toddling babe renders its warm penny. Under the magnetism of his gaze, old women clamber down from blue-bodied, red-wheeled carts, paring from penury some margin and surplus to warm a need like his. And if he be dark, they who give steal back softly and in awe.

For in Ireland every sorrow is sacred. A great trouble raises its bearer to sit upon a throne. Misfortune traffics not with contemptuous pity, flinging half grudgingly its dole. Reverence and compassion are its ministers, and they wait upon it as vestals that feed the altar of a pure and dreadful shrine.

Any touch of unhappiness unseals the fountain of Irish sympathy. The poor wretch who has received a "notice to quit" is in possession of a little income. With that for "open sesame" he can draw upon any purse.

If a woman's horse goes, full of years, to the knacker's, a fervid and circumambient bill of rights is prepared, setting forth the fact that the Widow McGrath is after losing a young and only mare (I quote the actual words of such a document), and requiring the neighbourhood to provide forthwith another and a better beast.

In particular, bereavement has such wide and generous prescriptions that there are many to whom death is a living.

Often in the course of every month—sometimes twice or thrice successively on a Saturday night—am I expected to oblige some deceased neighbour with a candle. In pretending to give money to that end, one holds, I fear, a candle to the devil. Certainly one does that in supplying recurrent twopence-halfpennies for letters ready addressed to good sons in America, but detained in Limerick by the absence of a stamp.

Among the many semi-professional mendicants—a thriftless class I am afraid—with whom I have transacted occasional business, one stands out supreme. It is some months since he disappeared. Consequently he is about due again in some new embodiment. I wonder what it will be.

My first meeting with him was on this wise. I was fetched out from tea (I generally am) by an urgent caller.

I found a sandy-haired, trowsled, dilapidated creature, with one eye closed for repairs. He held out a manly, an impulsive hand. But it was also a dirty hand, and my own crept out

so slowly to clasp it that he looked at me in surprise and pain.

"Your reverence," he said, "wouldn't disremember me—Sergeant Milligan of the twenty-fourth? Faith, your reverence was prouder about me getting thim stripes nor iver I was myself."

His look was so full of suggestion that I felt myself tingling all over with hot-aches of awakening memory. And yet I could not put a name or anything else (except a dormant persuasion that it was a rogue's) to the man's face.

"Well thin," he said, and laid his hand upon my sleeve, "you didn't forget the little feller anyway—him that had the brontitus. Faith we have the harse and car you gave him yet—only the one wheel came off of it."

Again he looked at me—and I remembered—weakly, disingenuously I remembered.

He went away with half-a-crown.

Scarcely had he left me when the maid informed me that he was a very bad character, and never had been a soldier at all, and that she did not like to see me put upon—but there! all the blagards knew how soft I was.

Not very long after I was fetched out from dinner (we had some excellent *pâtés*, I remember) by somebody who wanted one word with me in private.

Beholding him I was wroth. "What, you!" I cried. "Get out of the house. I know you! You are the" (I was going to say "rascal," but I could not, his countenance, more in sorrow than in anger, looked the word down into "person")—"the person who told me that story last month."

He kept his temper and showed me my mistake. He had returned from Philadelphia only the night before last. He was the son of old Mrs. Kennedy, whom I had known so long.

Here the maid passed through the hall. To her he made appeal, and she fully bore him out, though he had a sort of a look of that man who made such a fool of me last month. Thereto he remarked that people couldn't be too careful in giving, for there were very bad folks about.

Somehow or other I would not be persuaded. He sighed and took up his hat to go, so meekly, so respectfully, that I half repented of my hardness. Half, but not altogether. On the step, however, he was overtaken by a paroxysm of grief. He broke out into a cry like Esau's, an exceeding great and bitter cry, and, leaning his head against the door-post, sobbed as I never heard a man sob before. His little child was dead—his one little child—and he had not a shilling for a coffin.

In half a minute he had ten shillings. One could not listen to grief like that and not do something. The maid, who had come through again with the pudding, was letting her tears run down into the dish. We looked at one another, and shook our heads, and trod softly.

That night there was a frightful row in the square. At last I looked out and saw my friend being run into the strong room. He was

not a big man, yet less than four policemen would not serve him.

Next week he came to tell me that his house had been burned down. I recognised him, and very nearly succeeded in giving him in charge.

It was not till the following spring—half a year after this—that I beheld him again.

He held out his hand, and began about the army and the little boy and the harse and car. I stopped him, and ordered him out of the house. He exhibited a bottle of pink fluid, good for coughs and infallible for corns. Eighteen-pence was all he wanted for it. I flung the door open. "Out!" I barked, pointing with deadly finger. He unbound a bandage from his hand, and showed me a rather ordinary-looking thumb, remarking that he had not slept for eight nights. "Out! Out!" I bellowed—and stamped my foot.

He moved away without a word. Firmness always conquers.

Just, however, as he reached the door, he turned his head aside—over the umbrella stand (no—he did not attempt to steal anything) and . . . there arose the humming of a bee. Roo—ooo—roo—o—oo—ooo—ooo—oo—oooo—buzzz! There was a long, merry, busy, ringing, booming, belling hum, followed by a sharp little frizzing stoppage, as when the knife-grinder's wheel ceases to revolve upon the blade. One heard the jolly tiger of a bee in sumptuous brown and black dawdle over the snapdragon: squeeze it, wipe his legs and—

They stopped—the man and the bee—and the man glanced at me over his shoulder. It was of no use—I could not help it. I burst into a peal of laughter. He shut the door gently. "Maybe the young ladies, God shpeed 'em, would like to hear it," he said.

In a moment the whole house was in the hall. The bee was caught in a box and put into peoples' pockets, and went creeping down their backs, and performed innumerable interesting feats. Finally he gave way to the Irish bagpipes, and that was superseded by the fiddle—all made out of the artist's mouth.

The man got five shillings and (for he was anxious to show that making money was not all he cared about) was permitted to leave the bottle—a mark of his respect—for one and fourpence.

Nearly a year after that I was fetched out from breakfast by a soldier of the Royal Artillery who was very sorry to trouble me, but wanted to be married. I took down the names, and promised to put up the banns next Sunday. (In Ireland soldiers are almost the only class that prefer banns to license.) The man was a pleasant, hearty fellow, evidently very happy in the prospect of his marriage. He could not help gossiping a little about himself. He had come into a nice little property, about forty acres, and being a farmer's son, he hoped to make a hand at the old work. The house was the prettiest little place at all, and the wife



that was to be was a good religious girl—a Prodesdan, of course. His seven years' service would be up in about a week, and—Can-nock's clock chimed the quarter. The man stopped short. He had to catch the train for Cork. What was the fee?

I told him, and he put his hand into his pocket.

His purse was gone. Two one-pound notes and thirteen shillings in silver. Well, it did not matter. Two pounds thirteen would not break him. But the fee! And, bad luck! he had only five minutes to catch the train.

I thrust a pound into his hand, and, with a few simple words of thanks, he ran off.

At the corner he stopped.

"You'll get the postal order on Wednesday," he said, "in a régesthered letther."

I nodded, and he disappeared.

And almost as the blue and yellow uniform vanished, I recollected that it was not the uniform of the Royal Artillery, though very like it, but of the Artillery Militia.

And, why! what had I seen that man doing last?

My little daughter gave slow memory the needful jog.

"Father," she said, looking into the hall, "when was the Bee man made a soldier?"

I said nothing. I thought I had better not.

#### AN OLD HOSPITAL.

THERE is a hospital upon which I look if I move a few yards from my front door.

And a grim outlook it makes. At its building utility reigned in lean nakedness. Never, perhaps, was charity held within straiter bonds of necessity. The architect could afford no little concession to seemliness or beauty. Just the long walls, and the slate roof, and the plain windows, and the chimney-stacks, conspicuous as the ears of a workhouse boy fresh from the barber's basin—one side of a barracks quadrangle—that was all that the designer was allowed to give. So the hospital stands, in chill grey stone, a monument of cold charity. Inwardly, however, its bleak days are over. It is warm and well furnished and comfortable. Its nurses are a devoted sisterhood.

The roots of this hospital grip noble history. The walls of an old fortified city are built into its fabric. At the eastern extremity of its long façade is the site of a fierce battery, famous during a famous siege for the deadly spit of its fire. Midway on its rearward wall a breach was made and the besiegers rushed in—only to be beaten back, leaving their dead all around. It was the women who bore the brunt of that fight. In old engravings you may see them pouring down boiling lead, standing with dagger or household knife against the very bayonet. All the neighbourhood is a Golgotha. Wherever a pick goes deep enough skulls are disinterred. An ancient churchyard (my own churchyard) whose boundary wall has suffered strange mutations blends its quiet dead with the violently slain.

Is it not a peaceful ending for this stormy corner of the world? Is it not a gentle revolution—a gracious recompense—that Time's whirligig has wrought and brought? There, where the Black Battery and the Devil's Tower spat their fury, the nightlight burns, and steps go softly about some sick artisan's sleep. Where the hereditary hate of Roman Catholic and Protestant reached its culmination and

closed in deadliest grip, nursing sisters of a Roman Catholic order minister to the Protestant poor.

The hospital has a close association with the cholera. To David, God gave a dreadful choice: "Choose thee one of three things that I may do it unto thee." Ireland, in the Black 'Forty-eight, endured, in grim succession, all the three—the famine, the sword, and the pestilence. But it is an old story. Everybody knows how the land was desolated; how three of her eight millions went to native burial or oversea exile; how, in short space, the old Ireland of gay *laissez-faire* was turned into the brooding, dark, unjoyful Ireland of to-day.

The hospital bore its part in the two cholera years, '32 and '48. The register of my parish tells its tale shortly and grimly, as registers are wont to do; no historians are so terse, so fair, so matter-of-fact. The people died by hundreds. Hearse and cart and car laboured out of the city piled with dead. They were buried in heaps. And sometimes they were cast in heaps and not buried. Almost on the spot whence the besieging cannons played upon the walls—what a grim humourist was he who first called the activity of artillery its "play"!—the poor disfigured corpses found their place of rest.

It made short work, the cholera. People (so the story goes) brushed their hats and walked decorously forth towards the office, to drop in the street. I know a woman who remembers (and is not likely to forget) the sudden reel and fall.

It may be no harm to record the widespread belief in whisky as a prophylactic. Heavy drinkers are said to have escaped the infection. People who were treated with drastic alcoholic remedies are said to have recovered. There lingers a tradition of a butcher who, himself invulnerable through much whisky, broke into the hospital and carried out a young man, his assistant, of whom he was very fond. Seemingly



death-struck as he was, being doused and drenched with the spirit, the lad recovered, and cheated the death-cart. I suppose this is all or nearly all delusion, and truth's topsyturvy, but it is living delusion, and it may be worth while to set it down.

Of one signal recovery from cholera I may tell authoritatively. It did not happen in Ireland, but it occurs naturally in connection and in contrast with that alleged whisky-cure.

A doctor, who had had wide experience of cholera in India, found himself seized with the deadly cramps, and later, with the cruel thirst. By an almost superhuman exercise of the will, he kept his limbs and all his body straight, holding at stiff muscles' length the agony that makes the victim twist and curl like an eel on the hook. He refused one drop of water, and he refused all proffered remedies. At the end of, I think, five hours, he rose from his bed cholera-proof. Partly he had denied the plague lodgment and purchase upon his body; partly he had refused it oil and compelled it to burn itself out. His belief remained fixed that that cure would not fail if there did not fail strength of mind to carry it through.

But generally, when I think about that hospital, it is not historic or widespread story that I recall. My mind fixes upon an incident in which I played a little personal part.

The use of the hospital at that period was restricted to fever cases. These were very few. The habits of the people are one long invitation to pestilence, but the limestone makes the response of none effect. It is a matchless purifier.

The hospital was in the charge of an old caretaker, and her office was almost a pension. Not once in two years were her ministrations in demand. When, however, they were needed, she was a wonderful nurse. She sat by the bed just as a mother would have sat. The sick man was truly her son for the time. Quite incapable of practised professional service, she offered just the sympathy and love and help of a kind old woman who had borne and nursed and buried stout lads of her own. Her pity for a strong, handsome boy was quite peculiar.

One summer afternoon, ten years ago, I was summoned to the bed of a stranger who had been brought in sick of typhus fever.

I shall never forget the terrible convulsions that shook the strong man, nor how, in his delirium, his hands reached out and always found the hands of the old nurse, shaking and flinging her about like a branch in a gale.

Then I remember how, when the crisis was past, I found him lying weak and white,

but fully master of himself. I asked him of his work and his kindred. He was a Scotchman, and his home was somewhere beyond Inverness. So for a little while we talked, I and the sick man and the old nurse, about his people and his place.

Is it not strange? all this happened half a score of years ago. The man disappeared—going back to Scotland—as soon as he got well. And yet, when I think of home, I recall that man's eyes—those clouded, filmy eyes, like the eyes of a sick eagle—with some unknown and inexpressible blue down in their deep places. I see my Warwickshire home: my old days live again: my dead faces come back: there steals over me the sense of warm childhood, with its fellowship in the blue sky, and the sweet-williams, and the liveried bees, and all the happy soul of June: all through that Scotchman's eyes. I understand him and his country. The Scotch songs, whose lines always were wont to grow misty as I read, go near to break my heart now. Green nooks and splendid purple of heathery slopes, leisurely, frugal days, and simple, kindly ways, and peace deep in the heart—all these come to me in the memory of that man's accent.

Where lies the spell of the speech that tells of the land beyond Tweed? God only knows, but there is no magic so strong. Scotland-hunger, the pathos of a love that is in the blood: a calling like the calling of the sea: I understand these now. I could not have felt the depth of Stevenson's words,

"Oh, it's still for you and me,  
The wind blows o'er the heather in the north countree,"

but for that man's eyes and tongue.

How is it that such looks and such speech are denied to us English folk?

We cannot unlock the very founts of feeling in a few simple words. What Englishman of humble station would ever, even under the ennobling impulsion of profoundest feeling, be urged to such speech as that of a poor Irishman whom I know? He had complained that his clean clothes were not duly laid out for him on Sunday morning, and his wife had answered, "Wouldn't you see the clothes lying fornenst you on the chair?" Thereupon he knew what had befallen himself and his family, and he spoke: "Then the Lord look on us this day, for I am stone blind."

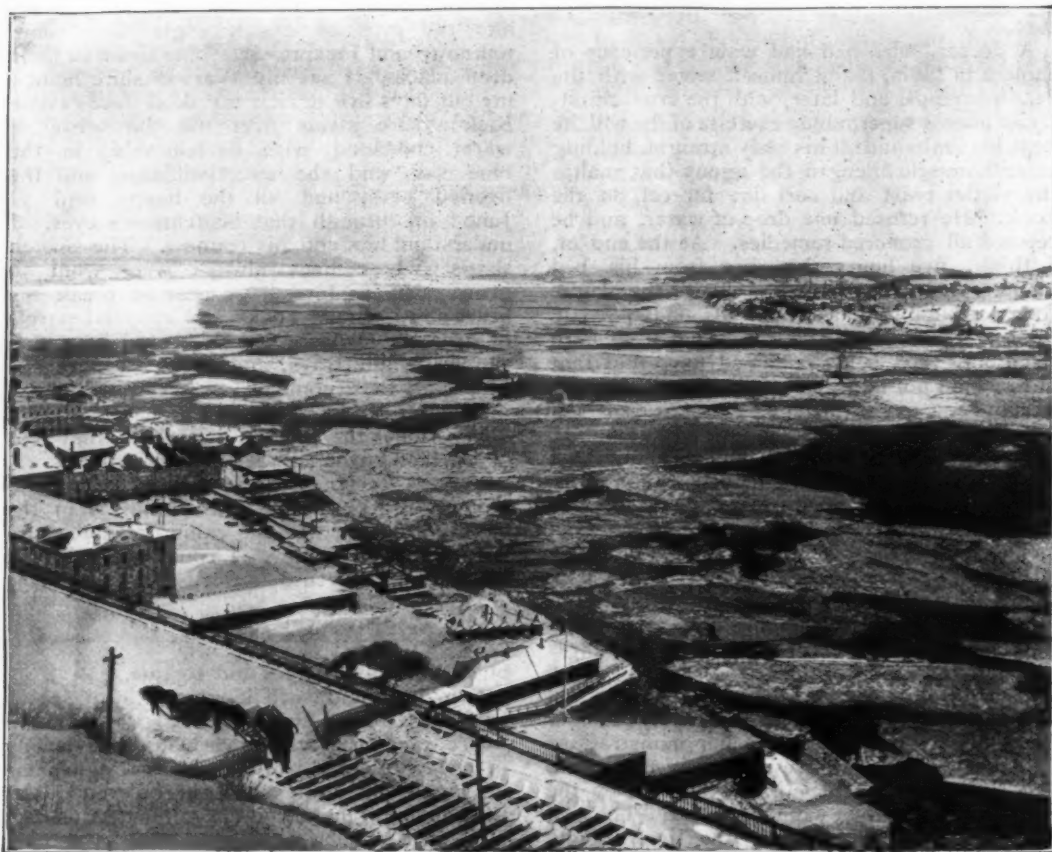
We have no such elemental words as those. We cannot gaze with that strange glance that leaves nothing unsaid.

God has withheld from the Celt many of the Saxon's great gifts. But in recompense the Celt has received a speech that turns the key of two deep hearts—the heart of nature and the heart of man.



## THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES AT QUEBEC AND TORONTO.



THE ST. LAWRENCE NEAR QUEBEC—THE ICE "RUNNING DOWN."

THE people of Canada, like those of the United States, are frequently at the polls.

In each country in connection with each province or state the same number of legislative and administrative bodies are elected. Each of the provinces in the Dominion of Canada elects its quota to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and in addition elects its own provincial parliament. There are now seven of these provincial parliaments. Five of them, those of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, were in existence before confederation. Those of Manitoba and British Columbia have come into being since 1867.

Each of these provinces has its political capital. The provincial parliament meets there; the civil service of the province is established at the capital, usually housed in the

parliament building; and at each capital there is a Lieutenant-Governor in residence representing the Queen, and maintaining a vice-regal establishment resembling on a smaller scale that of the Governor-General at Ottawa.

Quebec and Toronto are the most important provincial capitals, as more than two-thirds of the population of the Dominion are in Quebec and Ontario. From the division of the Canadas in 1791 to the union in 1840, Toronto, except for a year or so in the last century, was the seat of government of Upper Canada; and after the union only for a few years was Toronto without the meetings of parliament.

Quebec as a  
Capital.

As a military and political capital Quebec is nearly a century older than Toronto. Old Quebec, the quaint old-world town under the shadow of the

famous citadel, made up of the most interesting collection of houses and places of business on the North American Continent, was the headquarters of the French government before Canada was ceded to England. After 1763 it was for some years the seat of the English military government north of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes; and ever since 1792 it has had a popularly elected parliament meeting in its midst, except for the few years in the forties when Montreal was the seat of the parliament of the United Canadas.

Quebec, too, has always been a seat of the Governor-General. Nowadays, and since 1866, the court of the Governor-General has been at Ottawa; but up in the citadel at Quebec, commanding an unsurpassed view of the St. Lawrence and of the mountain country inland from Point Levis, and also of the Island of Orleans to the eastward, there is an old-fashioned comfortable mansion in which the Governor-General makes his summer home. He is usually there in July and August, when the heat at Ottawa is trying, and when the cool breezes of the lake-like widenings of the St. Lawrence make the old fort, high above the water level, a most desirable site for a summer and early autumn residence.

The ancient capital, as Canadians describe the city of Quebec, had a memorable part in the national struggle for supremacy in the New World; and since that struggle came to an end, Quebec has had a full share of the ceremonial and official life under British rule. The old city delights in the pride and display of state. It possesses the most magnificent parliament house of any of the provincial capitals; and in Quebec there is a nearer approach to Ottawa and the Governor-General's court than at Toronto or at the capitals of any of the other provinces.

The Province of Ontario prides itself on the fact that its parliament has no second chamber. At Quebec there is a second chamber, which, like the Senate at Ottawa, is modelled upon the House of Lords. It consists of twenty-four members, and is known as the Legislative Council. Its place in the economy of the Quebec parliament is like that of the Senate in the Dominion parliament. Its members are appointed for life by the Crown, which practically means by the ministry of the province. Its Speaker is appointed in the same way. All the members of the Legislative Council are known as honourables.

In the Quebec Legislative Assembly there are seventy-three members. They are elected on a franchise very similar to that of the Dominion parliament, the right to vote being based on the ownership or occupation of property. Farmers' sons and the sons of urban property-owners living with their parents, and fishermen who own boats and tackle, all have votes, and the franchise is also enjoyed by public school teachers. The indemnities of the Quebec members of parliament are £160 a year. The provincial parliaments meet every year. In

Quebec the session generally lasts three or four months.

The new Parliament House. From the first, the Quebec parliament has occupied more palatial quarters than that of Ontario. When the Ontario parliament was holding its sessions in roughly constructed houses of wood, first at Newark, and later on at Toronto, the Quebec parliament was housed in the old Bishop's Palace in Quebec. Quebec was well through its frontier and pioneer stages before the capital of Ontario was established at Toronto. It has had several parliament buildings since 1792.

The new building is outside the old city walls, beyond the St. Louis gate. Like nearly all the buildings of Quebec, it is French in style—French of the seventeenth century. It forms a square, each side 300 feet long, and encloses a courtyard 200 feet square. Above the principal entrance there is a clock tower, which rises to a height of 160 feet. The façade looks on to the city walls. The southern side of the building looks on to the St. Louis road, leading out to the Plains of Abraham, and to the old martello towers which in the early years of this century were built on the Plains to strengthen the citadel on the land side.

The chambers of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly are on the first floor. That of the Council is to the left of the clock tower, that of the Legislative Assembly to the right; and it is doubtful whether any legislative assembly in the Old or New World holds its sessions in a chamber from the windows of which there is a more inspiring outlook.

Immediately below is the city, with more monuments and more historical associations of international significance than are to be found in any other city in the New World. Almost every other street in Quebec has its monument, with or without its helpful tablet. In one place it is a monument to a soldier; in another to a French or English statesman; and in the next to a missionary or a bishop of the dominant church of the old province. To the right, looking from the windows of the legislative chambers, is the old citadel, the crowning monument of all, which in itself tells more picturesquely and more powerfully than the gifted Parkman the story of the monuments to Montcalm, to Wolfe, and to Montgomery. Where these men fought, where they died, and where they now lie, is told in the numerous mural tablets which add so appreciably to the historic interest of a sojourn in Quebec. But it needs no tablet to tell why these men fought, why they and the French, English, and American forces they commanded were at Quebec. The citadel explains everything; it is the Gibraltar of the New World.

Over and beyond the city, the windows of the parliament chambers command the view of the St. Lawrence and of the mountains on its northern shores; of the Falls of Montmorency; of Point Levis and of the island of Orleans, which for nine or ten miles divides the waters

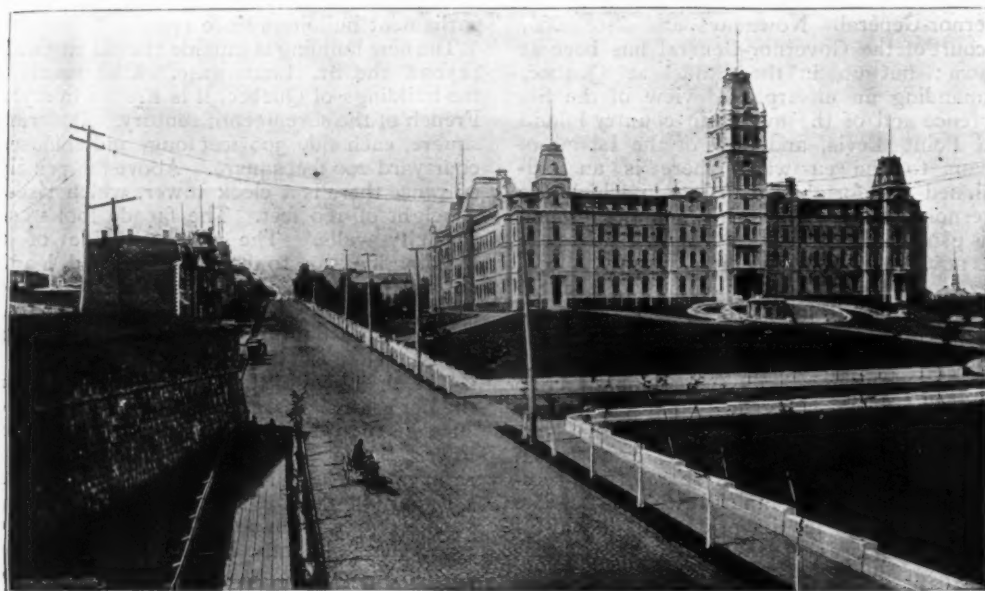


of the St. Lawrence on their way to the Gulf.

From confederation in 1867, until 1892, the parliament of the Province of Ontario met in an old building on Front Street, Toronto. It had been used previously by the parliament of Upper Canada, under the constitution which lasted from 1792 to the union of the two provinces in 1840, and by two of the parliaments of the United Provinces.

matter was at rest for the next five years. In 1885 another £50,000 was added, and in 1886 an architect from Buffalo, New York, prepared the plans for the existing building. The sum of £150,000, however, was not sufficient to meet the cost. Two other sums were voted, and when the parliament house was completed, it was found to have cost £260,000.

The parliament building stands in Queen's Park, with the University of Toronto as its nearest neighbour. It is of sandstone, and



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, QUEBEC.

Toronto. Front Street is now the centre of the wholesale business portion of Toronto. It is what Wood Street and the Manchester warehouse quarter adjacent are to the City of London. Soon after Ontario, for the second time in its history, had a legislature of its own, the accommodation of the old parliament house became inadequate, and the situation undesirable for the meeting-place of a legislative body. After nine or ten sessions had been held in the old house, steps were taken towards the building of a new one, and one in keeping with the place of Ontario in the Dominion of Canada.

The movement proceeded slowly and with much Scotch caution. Ontario prides itself on its frugality in the expenditure of public money. Its Chancellor of the Exchequer not infrequently prefaces his budget with a comparison of the expenditures of the province with those of Quebec and with those of New York State, Ontario's neighbour on the American side of the frontier line. Ontario at first thought it possible to build a parliament house for £100,000. It voted that sum in 1880. It was soon ascertained that a suitable building could not be provided for that amount, and the

Romanesque in style. It has a frontage of nearly 500 feet, and covers four acres of ground. The fact that Ontario has no second chamber in its provincial legislature has had its effect on the general plan of the parliament building, and on its internal structure and arrangement. The building differs greatly in its outward appearance from either the houses of parliament at Ottawa or those at Quebec, and from any of the legislative buildings in the United States. All the American legislatures have two chambers, a senate and a lower house. This fact is emphasised in the architectural plan of the halls of congress at Washington, and in all the halls of the state legislatures. The Ontario parliament house has no resemblance to the house of any other legislative body in Canada or America. Its site is less imposing than that of the parliament houses at Ottawa or those at Quebec; for Queen's Park is as flat as a stretch of prairie land.

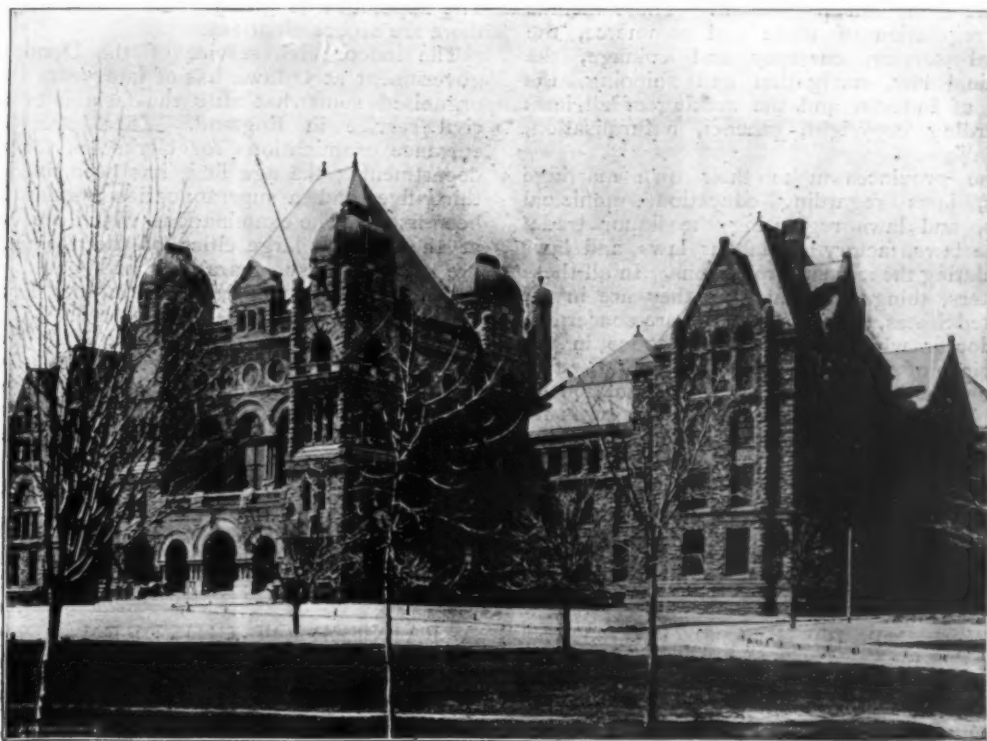
Inside, the feature of the Toronto building is the legislative chamber. It is of handsome proportions, with much more mural decoration than the House of Commons at Ottawa. The maple-leaf, the floral emblem of Ontario, runs through the scheme of decoration; and there



are allegorical figures on the walls in keeping with the use to which the chamber is dedicated. The chamber is lighted by three enormous windows, which form the outer wall of a spacious gallery above the Speaker's chair, set apart for newspaper reporters. Through these windows from all the galleries there is to be seen the great lake from which the province takes its name.

Next in interest after the legislative chamber in the interior of the building is the entrance hall and the principal staircase. These derive their charm, like the chamber, from their magnificent proportions and the singularly bold and effective treatment of the windows.

Dominion general election of 1896, had elected no representatives to the House of Commons at Ottawa. These are the Patrons of Industry and the Protestant Protective Alliance. The Alliance is hostile to the position of the Catholic Church in the politics of Canada; while the Patrons of Industry, who are mostly farmers, stand apart from both the Liberals and the Conservatives in Dominion and provincial politics. They are advocates of economy, and opposed to a protective tariff. In Ontario the Liberals have been in power for twenty years. They accordingly sit on the Government benches to the right of the Speaker in the legislative chamber. Ontario, like all the Canadian pro-



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

The windows are nearly two floors deep, unbroken by cross-bars, and they flood with light the great staircase and the entrance hall from which it is reached. There are more than two hundred rooms in the building, including the library and the suite set apart for the Speaker. Most of the rooms are reached by grand central corridors, down which a London omnibus could be driven, and which run from end to end of the building on the two main floors.

Ninety-four members, elected on a manhood suffrage franchise, form the Ontario legislature. The political divisions, until about 1892, were, as in the Ottawa parliament, Conservatives and Liberals. Now there are representatives of two other political groups which, prior to the

vinces, has its Premier and its executive council, or cabinet, and these members have their desks in the front row on the ministerial side of the House.

There is nearly as much form and ceremony in the procedure of the Ontario legislature as at Ottawa, except that there is at Toronto no second chamber. The Lieutenant-Governor comes in state to open the session. He is accompanied by military aides and a guard of honour, composed of volunteers. There is also a Speech from the Throne, and a debate on the Address in reply. The Ontario parliament, in short, like the House of Commons at Ottawa, has adopted the mode of conducting business which has grown up in the course of centuries at Westminster.

Relations of  
the State  
Legislatures to  
the Dominion.

None of these Canadian provincial parliaments exercises jurisdiction over a population one quarter the size of that of London; but they are all legislative bodies. They make the laws for the provinces. The division of legislative duties between the parliament at Ottawa and the provincial parliaments is settled by the British North America Act of 1867, which to Canada is what the Constitution of 1787 is to the United States. The parliament at Ottawa, like Congress at Washington, deals with matters which affect the country as a whole. The provincial parliaments deal with local matters, just as do the state legislatures in America. About thirty subjects are reserved to the Dominion parliament. These include the regulation of trade and commerce, the postal service, currency and coinage, the criminal law, navigation and shipping, the care of Indians, and the making of all laws regarding copyright, patents, naturalisation, and aliens.

The provinces make their own marriage laws, laws regarding education, municipal laws, and laws regulating the liquor trade, game laws, factory and labour laws, and laws regulating the learned professions. In all these matters, things are much as they are in the United States, so far as the laws are concerned. A doctor who has been in practice in the Province of Quebec cannot establish himself in Ontario without undergoing an examination by the Ontario Medical Council, which owes its charter and its powers to laws passed by the parliament which meets at Toronto. The

criminal law is uniform all over the Dominion; but in other matters there is sometimes as much variation between one province and another in Canada as there is between one state and another in the American Union.

Ottawa and Quebec, as the most populous provinces, have the largest parliaments and ministerial establishments.

The Civil  
Service.

Each of the provinces has its civil service; but even in the larger provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the civil service staff at the capital is not so large as that of a municipality like that of Liverpool or Manchester. At these provincial capitals there is no civil service system as the civil service system is understood in England. The appointments go by political favour, and there are no examinations.

The indoor civil service of the Dominion government at Ottawa has of late years been organised somewhat after the fashion of the civil service in England. There are now entrance examinations for clerkships for the departments; the age limit has been fixed at thirty-five, and a superannuation system has been fixed. The examinations which are held at the various large cities of the Dominion are of an easy character, and could be taken by sixth-standard boys in any Board school in England.

Women as  
Civil Servants.

Since 1880 women have been appointed to places in many of the departments. Among the twelve or fifteen hundred civil servants in Ottawa, a fair proportion are women; but women clerkships are confined to the third class.

## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AS A PAINTER OF CHILDREN.

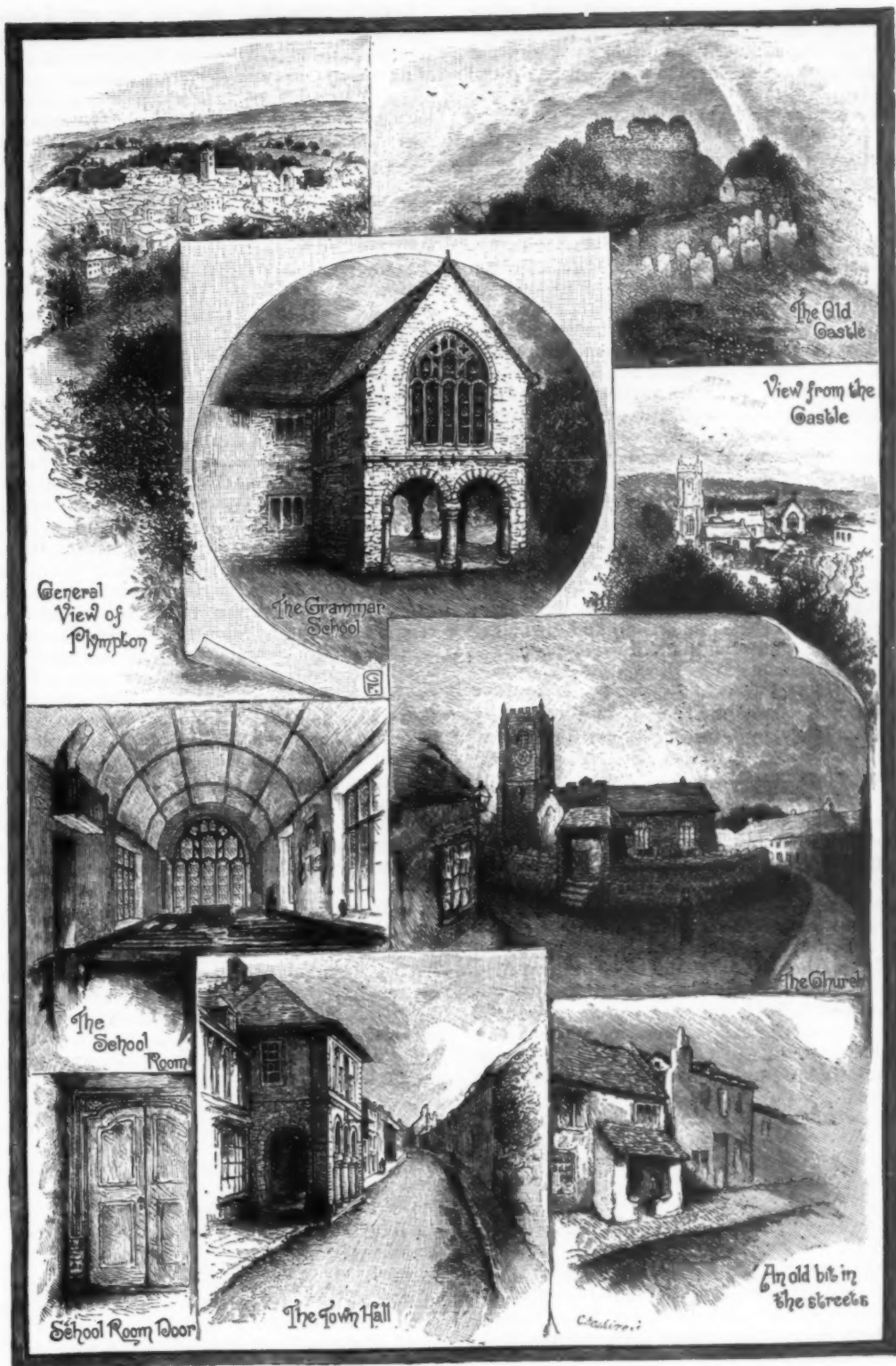
MISS GWATKIN—"SIMPLICITY."

IT may be accepted as at once a coincidence and a proof of the painter's genius, that the two perfect examples of the unequalled powers of Sir Joshua Reynolds as the portrayer of children were painted at the close of his career—indeed, in the very last year of his active artistic life; yet no finer or more convincing examples of his great mastery of the art of portraiture in the juvenile branch can be mentioned.

As in the instance of little "Miss Penelope Boothby," whose history we recently described (see *Leisure Hour*, May Part), the other little lady, Miss Gwatkin, immortalised as "Simplicity," was intimately associated with the painter, she was a familiar frequenter of his house and studio, and attached to him by closer personal relationship; for the fair original of "Simplicity" was the daughter of Sir Joshua's favourite niece, Theophila Palmer, the young

lady whose own juvenile face and figure had served her uncle most frequently as the model for so many of his best known versions of childish portraiture and in such infantine subjects as the famous "Strawberry Girl," "A Girl Reading," etc.—pictures of which characteristic anecdotes are recorded.

The sprightly "Offy," the painter's once beloved companion, had, while in her twenty-fourth year, January 1781, married Richard Lovell Gwatkin, Esq., a Cornish gentleman of good estate. Sir Joshua painted the portraits of the happy pair in one picture the same year; and had thus expressed his approval of the match: "That you may be as happy as you both deserve is my wish, and you will be the happiest couple in England." It is on record that the measure of Offy's happiness attained even the warm wishes of her kindly natured uncle. She lived to be ninety, to see her children's



PLYMPTON: THE HOME OF THE CHILDHOOD OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



children, and, intelligent, cheerful, and affectionate to the last, vividly remembered her happy girlhood under her uncle's roof, and the brilliant society that there found a centre. Both Mrs. Gwatkin and her daughter were spared to supply at first-hand many interesting memorabilia to C. R. Leslie, R.A., and Tom Taylor, M.A., direct to the writers, for their valuable work, "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds," published in 1865.

There are at least two versions of "Simplicity": the first remains in possession of the family; the second, in 1865, belonged to Mrs. Lane, who claimed for her picture exclusively the title "Simplicity." This was painted for Mr. Archer, of Layham, near Plymouth, a friend and neighbour of the Reynolds family. "Simplicity" was engraved at the time by F. Bartolozzi, R.A., in his sweetest manner; in that gifted engraver's rendering the rosy fingers of the two plump little hands are intertwined, and there are no flowers to mask this natural arrangement. When the picture was sent home, Miss Mary Palmer (Sir Joshua's other niece—subsequently Marchioness of Thomond), sister of Mrs. Gwatkin, objected to the rose-tipped little fingers intertwined and lying on the lap, as suggesting a dish of prawns. Sir Joshua, always open to suggestion, agreed to the aptness of the comparison, and filled the chubby little hands with the flowers which are now seen in the picture. For permission to reproduce Samuel Cousin's mezzotint rendering, as with "Penelope Boothby," in the *Leisure Hour* for May, we are indebted to Messrs. Thomas McLean & Son. The two subjects make a characteristic pair.

From the consideration of Sir Joshua Reynolds's abounding sympathy with youth, as exemplified in his unequalled pictures of children, it is interesting to turn to the scenes of the great painter's own childhood at Plympton, where his memory, reputation, and works are still affectionately cherished. The views of Plympton, the old castle, the church, town hall, the old streets, and, above all, the grammar school, and schoolroom, are closely associated with Reynolds's early career, for it was here that he was born and educated. In the boyish Reynolds's "Common-place book," as kept on

"Locke's principle," the lad has noted down that his father, the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, born January 31, 1681, came to Plympton in 1715, and became master of the grammar school there, founded and endowed by the celebrated Serjeant Maynard in 1658. Here the excellent pastor, described as a "scholar" (he had obtained a fellowship of Balliol College, Oxford), "guileless as a child, and as ignorant of the world," brought up a large family on means fairly adequate considering the time, since it is supposed he received £120 a-year as master of the school, and attached to this was a dwelling-house, rent free. Joshua Reynolds was born there July 16, 1723; at the school he received his early training in general and classical knowledge, and here his first tastes for the arts were early manifested. It is characteristic that young Joshua should have left studies, made in very juvenile years, of the scenes reproduced in the present series of views of Plympton. On the back of a Latin exercise "De labore," the lad has made a perspective drawing of a wall, perforated by a window; beneath this study, possibly drawn from the schoolroom itself, is written in the hand of Reynolds's father: "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness"; probably this remark is due to the sense of propriety on the master's part, as regards the fitting time for studying Latin and that for studying art. To great account was young Joshua's love of application turned, since we are informed that, when but eight years old, he had made himself sufficiently proficient in the rules of perspective to be able to correctly delineate the colonnade supporting the grammar school, according to scientific principles, as laid down in "The Jesuits' Treatise." The difficult feat of mastering this art excited his father's warm appreciation: "Now this," said the elder Reynolds, "exemplifies what the author of the perspective asserts in his preface, that by observing the rules laid down in this book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful." Moreover, young Reynolds drew with burnt sticks and charcoal on the long white-washed passages of his home, but these studies, although cherished for many years, finally were covered over in the prevailing rage for white-washing common to the locality.

JOSEPH GREGO.

## THE WIFE FOR A RAILWAY MAN.

"TALKING about them Waterloo 'ouses, old Billy Rogers was tellin' me he used to work past 'is own 'ouse, down Lambeth way, just a-level with the top floor where 'e lived."

"Well, that ain't nothin'," chimed in Dick. "Lots o' men does that. Why, when I used to work a night-goods, which I did every

night for three 'ole years, I took an' put my missus an' kids into a one-pair back, as looked out on the line. Blow me if I'd 'a seen anything at all of the old lady if I 'adn't. A wondrous long shift it was; trip job, yer know.

"She worked out most of the day, and I was away all the nights, but there was always a light in the winder as I passed. Tell yer, I



used to think as much of that light as I did of the points."

"You'd 'a stopped the train if it hadn't been there, I reckon, Dick."

"Oh, I don't say that. 'Company first's' the rule, yer know. By the way, any o' you chaps seen Mat Anderson lately?"

"Yes, I see 'im last year. He joined our club."

Dick laughed a long quiet lungy chuckle. "Oh, then," he said, "the chap's got married, 'as 'e?" and he shook with mirth. "You don't happen to know what sort o' gal the wife might be, do you?"

"No. 'E was keepin' company like for a long time first, I know that. You know what sort o' company-keepin' it is for us railway men. Take it when you can get it, and think yourself jolly lucky if you get it at all, and don't get shunted into a siding after all. Did you know Mat's gal afore he was hitched on?"

"Not exactly; but it was me that helped him to that there piece of luck, I reckon. 'E won't mind my tellin' on 'im. We was mates on an engine—old five-nought-two, you recollect"—("Ah," from the rest here)—"as used to take stuff up and down to Weymouth and them parts. We used to start down the hearly morning and be back again arter dark. We used to get through the Junction about six-thirty, as a rule, and then the line was clear for some way. Down Wandsworth way we went past the backs of some smartish villas. A long row there was of them, as like as cattle trucks, with long thin gardens running down to the line. I d'know what called my attention to it, but somehow, one day, I noticed there was a gal cleanin' the top winder in one of these, and, thinks I, that gal's rare and early up arter 'er work. A nice-lookin' gal she was, and next morning I noticed the same thing. There she was rubbing away with her duster—now it's no use your laughing, Tom, I was a married man then, same as I am now. There she was, rubbing away with her duster, and the glass so clean a'ready, you could see she was a good-lookin' gal. Same thing nex' morning, and the next, an' settera. Seemed to me she was looking our way too. Thinks I, if that gal's arter me, I'm sorry; but I looks at Mat for a few mornings, and, soap me, but 'e was always mighty clean an' smart of a morning, and if 'e thought I wasn't lookin' 'e most generally took a quiet squint up at that winder, an' I noticed 'e kept a piece of clean cotton waste in his pocket to give his face a rub with first, when we passed them houses."

"Now, you know, I didn't know Mat as well then as I do now. 'E's all right, but he don't say much, do 'e? Well, just to see how the points lay, I says to 'im one day, 'That gal 'll rub a hole in that winder one of these days.' 'Which gal?' says he. 'Why, the one you was staring at in them red-brick 'ouses,' says I. 'It's a good thing you an' me's both married,' I says, 'or else we'd be victims.'

'Why, I ain't married,' says 'e, quite surprised. 'Well, there,' says I, 'I thought you was.' 'Wish I was,' says 'e.

"That's a fact. 'E'd set 'is 'eart on the gal, and I reckon she'd set 'er 'eart on 'im, though 'ow they fust thought of it's more than I can tell you."

"O' course we giner'ly come 'ome in the dark, and there weren't no window-cleanin' and no squintin' to be done then, and Mat used to go 'ome sulky."

"Look 'ere, Mat,' says I one day, 'why in the dickens and all don't you get hitched on? You must ha' been out with that gal every Sunday a sight o' months, and if you want a best man,' said I, 'well—' Mat smokes up, 'Ow in the dickens an' all am I to get married when I don't know the gal's name, and never spoke two words to her?'

"Well, I don't want to inter-bloomin'-fere,' says I. 'You never told me any of your precious secrets, 'ow was I to know? But look you 'ere, Mat,' says I, 'you might 'ave a worserer 'ead to advise you than me.' Arter that Mat let out pretty nigh everything he'd think about it, and I used to cheer 'im as well's I could. 'E'd been down there two or three Sundays and hung about the place, but it weren't any good. The 'ouses was all mixed up that side, and, says 'e, 'If I seen 'er in 'er Sunday bonnet I shouldn't know 'er, for women ain't particular about showing their natural lights, and if she seen me cleaned up, I don't expect she'd know me, and I darsn't speak to her anyway.' There was a tramcar that ran along the road, and Mat told me 'e'd an idea of gettin' took on as a driver, so as to get round to the front of the 'ouse. But says I, 'No, Mat, you don't go so low as that. Beside, you ain't fitted for it. You'd be shovelling coals down the horses' throats, as like as not, and oilin' their shinin' shanks to make them go. No, what you've to do now is to write 'er a letter.' 'Letters want envelopes,' says Mat, 'and envelopes wants addresses. Sender's all right,' says 'e, 'but who in the dickens and all is the consignee?' 'Don't you trouble about that,' says I, 'once you write the letter we'll get it to her per lump o' coal, or otherwise,' says I, 'at sender's risk.'

"Well, 'e come 'ome with me that Sunday, and I 'elp 'im to write the letter. I never see such a job in my life. We used up two pennorth o' paper before we got the wretched thing to bite at all. There were lots in it, all about Mat, and what wages he was gettin' and that, and 'ow 'e expected to be shunted on to better work soon. I made him put that in to hurry 'er up. Then it ended by sayin' 'would she let him know by signal whether agreeable or otherwise. If agreeable, signify the same by one white light placed in window arter 7.30 this evening. If points agin, please signal same by one red light; white light preferred.'

"Monday mornin' come, and there she was rubbin' away at that old winder in the sunrise the same as ever. Mat 'ad the letter tied to a

goodish lump o' coal, with a rag to flutter a bit, and 'e waves it about at first till she nigh stopped rubbin', and then he flung it fair and square right into the middle of the lawn at the back of the house, and I give the whistle a screech and orf we went.

"Well, Mat was a rum'un that day. Seemed to me as if his boiler 'd bust. Sometimes 'e'd larf, and sometimes 'e'd look black. Tell you I 'ad to mind the traffic that day. 'She 'on't read it,' says he. 'Then she ain't a woman,' says I. 'Per'aps 'er missus is a woman too, and 'll get it fust,' says he, sniggerin'. 'An' if she's a widdler woman, Mat,' says I, 'she'll put a white light in her best settin' room winder, and you'll come into a fortin'.'

"'Owever we got started up again. A bit late we was, and Mat could hardly stop when the signals were agin us. When we come nigh Wandsworth 'e could 'ardly stick to the engine, stretchin' 'is neck out to see what the gal 'ad put out. 'Well,' says I, as we drew near, 'is it red, or is it white?' 'It's green, by thunder,' says Mat, and sure enough it was. There, right up the top of the 'ouse, in a little winder as looked out of the tiles, she'd set a little lamp with a bit of green glass in front of it.

"'That's green enough,' says I. 'And so am I,' says 'e; 'she's foolin' me.' 'Old you 'ard,' says I, 'you're in too much of a 'urry; and that's what she means too. You know your lights,' says I, 'white's right.' 'Course I do,' says 'e.

'White is right and red is wrong,  
Green is gently go along.'

"'What does she mean by "gently go along"?' says he.

"'She don't really mean "get away," Mat,' says I. 'That's only a woman's way o' puttin' it. When my old missus and me was walkin' out, that's what she says, too. I says, "Susan, will you hitch on?"' She says, "Go along Dick, do," several times. I wouldn't give a 'andful o' cinders for a woman as'd stick up a white light the first time. That's a girl in a thousand,' says I, 'and she knows the lights too. She's the woman for a railway man,' says I, 'an' you're a lucky man if you git 'er. Mark you, she don't tell you to stop dead neither. When you see a green light, it means you go a little further and see if you can get along, but have your hand on the brake and don't be in a hurry—that's all. And that's what she means. Don't be runnin' into the terminus at sixty mile an hour.'

"Well, Toosday mornin' she was scrubbin' the winder agin, but this time she was settin' out with 'er back to the line, giving the outside of the glass a turn. A nice little waist she 'ad. Mat never spoke a word the 'ole day, no more did I; but come night and there was the green light agin, and Mat plucked up a bit. Wednesday mornin' she was very busy cleanin' the outside of another winder. 'Lord's truth,' says Mat, as if 'e was 'urt, 'she's as white as a daisy,' and so she was, pore little creatur'. I reckon she 'adn't slep' a night or two. Thursday Mat chucks 'er another bit o' coal. 'E didn't tell me at the time what it said, but I reckon 'e was able to make himself understood. 'E was to be walkin' out by Wandsworth cemetery all the Sunday with a bit o' green ribbon in 'is butting 'ole. I know she met 'im right enough, and arter that they walked out reg'ler."

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

## THE GREAT FOOD QUESTION.

BY DR. ALFRED SCHOFIELD.

### II. SUITABLE FOOD FOR DIFFERENT AGES AND OCCUPATIONS.

#### FOOD FOR VARIOUS AGES.

WHAT we have already said will prepare the way for the practical application of food principles to different ages, and various occupations. With regard to age, for food purposes life may roughly be divided into three great periods: the building of the body, 1-25; the maintenance of the body, 25-65; the decay of the body, 65-90, or youth, middle life, and old age.

A great point to remember is, that other things (work, etc.) being equal, the amount of food required in proportion to the weight of the body decreases with the age, being greatest in youth, less in middle life, and least in old age. This

is a most important principle, and may be referred to again farther on.

It is of the utmost importance that the growing animal be not stinted in food, which should be wholesome, unlimited in amount, and given at regular and suitable intervals.

It is no less important that in middle life a man should *not* eat as much as he can, but should exercise moderation or limitation in food, guided roughly by his weight and the maintenance of his normal health and strength; the food, of course, being nourishing and digestible, and taken at stated intervals. And lastly, in old age it is of the utmost importance that the food be still more limited in quantity and simpler in quality.

## PERIOD OF GROWTH.

Coming down to details, we may subdivide the first, or growing period, into three stages—infancy, childhood, and youth—and proceed to indicate as briefly as possible the essentials of diet in each.

During the whole of life there is no time when the importance of right diet is so great as when it is so universally neglected, during the first six months of life. It is computed that out of the tens of thousands who needlessly die at this early age, four-fifths owe their death to errors in diet.

And the error, to put it plainly, always lies in the one fatal mistake of trying to make the infant a vegetable feeder. Those who have read the first part of this paper will remember that three foods are essential to life and growth—the albumin, the fat, and the starch or sugar food. Now the characteristic of all vegetable life is the amount of starch food it contains, and starch is a sort of irritant poison to a child under six months old. The only substitute which it can assimilate is sugar. Milk, the only proper food for a baby, contains in their proper proportion all three varieties of food-stuffs, and it is the unnecessary addition of starchy foods or powders that kills the baby. Milk is a purely animal product, and babies are exclusively animal feeders, simply because they cannot digest starch in any shape or form. It is a remarkable fact that babies consume exactly twice as much albumin or animal food in proportion to their weight as adults. An infant, for instance, requires some thirty grains per day per pound it weighs, a man about fifteen.

Up to six months, therefore, one course is clear—milk, mother's milk if possible; if not, cow's milk properly prepared; but in all cases milk only, and milk, moreover, free from dirt or germs.

When the child is turned six months the digestive fluids begin to appear in the body, that have the power of changing starch into sugar, and the vegetarian instincts of the mother can at length be gratified. Prepared foods can be added to the milk (*not substituted for it, a fertile cause of rickets*), and by the time the child is a year old the diet can begin to be a little more varied. Starch in other forms—such as a mealy potato, well cooked rice—can be added, with a little meat juice. Until the child is turned four, therefore, the main diet will be bread, milk, eggs, farinaceous foods, with vegetables and good meat gravy; with the addition of a little well cooked, finely divided meat, fowl, or fish.

When childhood and home school life have fairly set in, the special points in the diet are the following.

First, the food should be unlimited in quantity. Children build up their bodies in the most irregular and casual manner. Sometimes the workmen on the (body) house seem to go on strike for a twelvemonth, during which the child hardly grows at all, and then suddenly there is an out-

burst of activity, and all the little cells seem to set to work overtime, and the body increases by leaps and bounds; no parent, however wise, can tell how much food (or bricks and mortar) a child may require for building purposes in the day, and the first rule therefore should be an unlimited quantity of food.

The next point is that the food should be thoroughly nourishing and wholesome, and given at regular and not too long intervals. For instance, the meals should be at 8, 1, 5, 8.

The breakfast: porridge and milk, or bread and milk, eggs, bread and butter or *dripping* and marmalade, at times a little bacon toasted or boiled. The lunch a fresh joint with vegetables, and suet or milk pudding; or plain "pie" and stewed fruit. For drink at this heavy meal a little home-made lemonade is better than milk, which is a food rather than a beverage. At five, nursery tea, bread and butter and jam. At eight, some hot food, not too heavy, as a bowl of cocoa and bread and butter, or a plate of soup or bowl of some hot nursery food, or bread and milk; but the meal should be hot, not cold, and satisfying, as a safeguard against sleepless nights.

Seasoned and fancy dishes and scraps of savoury food from the adults' table are better avoided. Children are not dainty by nature, and will eat plain wholesome food without demur if not unwisely pampered. No child should, however, be forced to eat what he really dislikes, and to force schoolboys to eat all their "fat" is refined cruelty.

In the way of dainties, plain chocolate and sponge cakes are the best and simplest.

One or two further hints on children's meals may be given. Re-cooked and salted meats should be avoided. The meat should be well cooked, nicely served, and well carved; the table should be well laid, and the cloth clean. Fat is best tolerated by children in the form of bacon, suet, butter, and cream. Pure jam is very good at meals, and pure sweets are not injurious. Vegetables should be liberally provided. If a child is hungry in the intervals of meal-times, a slice of bread and a glass of milk should be given.

Thirdly and lastly, there must be variety. The theorist would have supposed that when a thoroughly nutritious and satisfying diet had been secured, all that was necessary was to keep to it. Not so. The best diet ever invented will become like so much poison to the child if never varied through the day and from day to day. This mistake was made in the early days of orphan asylums and charity schools, and children were seen to flag and refuse the best and most nutritious food without apparent reason, till the great necessity of "variety" was clearly recognised.

## FOOD IN ADULT LIFE.

As maturity is neared the tea at five becomes lighter, and the supper at eight becomes more elaborate, till it blossoms into a dinner; and



we thus reach the ordinary dietary of adult life, on which a word or two may be said before we specialise.

An ordinary full meal takes from three to four hours to digest, and then the stomach should have from one to two hours for rest before the next. This brings the intervals between each to five to six hours instead of an average of four as in childhood.

Breakfast, say at 8.30, should be a very substantial meal. Tea or coffee freshly made are much better than the cold drinks that used to be common—beer, wine, etc. Chocolate, in itself a rich food, or cocoa (ground), is a more suitable beverage for the delicate who cannot eat very heartily, and who therefore get a good deal in this liquid form.

There may be one or two hot dishes of meat, fish, eggs, etc., porridge if wished, plenty of bread or toast and butter, and occasionally marmalade or jam à l'écossaise.

To eat a hearty breakfast is a well-known sign of robust health and good digestion. When the occupation of the forenoon is sedentary or the exercise moderate, however, the stronger forms of meat, beef, mutton, etc., are unnecessary and inappropriate, and several courses superfluous. These abnormally heavy breakfasts are preludes to long days on the moors or hunting or other severe exercise. The French plan of practically breakfasting on a *petit pain* and cup of coffee and calling lunch *dejeuner à la fourchette* may do for those who idle the morning more or less away, but it has been proved in the case of the Paris workman, as compared with his English compeer, that it makes a difference in working power equivalent to about one hundred foot-tons less of force.

#### IMPORTANCE OF LUNCH.

Lunch at 1.30 or 2 should be a plain but substantial meal.

The practice of going from breakfast to late dinner without a solid meal, a bit of bread and cheese or biscuit sufficing, is an acquired one that a man may get accustomed to, but is not born to, and it is not a wise or natural habit to acquire, though the exigencies of business life may require it.

It is best to have a good cut off the joint or some fresh cooked meat food, and a plain pudding or cheese—in short, practically a child's dinner.

The next meal may be at 7.30 or 8, afternoon tea being now little more than the beverage itself. This, by the way, is the most wholesome time to take tea, as no heavy food is taken with it.

Then at dinner less should be eaten than at lunch, but there should be greater variety. The practice of several courses and a little bit of each is wiser than the repetition of a plain heavy meat lunch. Dietetic authorities, too, have professed to discover a real hygienic order in the time-honoured succession of soup, fish, joint, *entrée*, sweets, cheese, dessert.

Lunch is undoubtedly a difficulty with busy men, and the question constantly recurs, "Is it better to bolt a steak or chop and hurry back to work, or is it better to take some lighter form of lunch, a plate of soup, some sandwiches, and a glass of beer or cup of coffee or chocolate?"

The answer practically is this. In the first place, with regard to women and children—we allude to the old domestic variety of the former, not the new athletic or business type—there can be no doubt that lunch ought to be a formal, leisurely, and hearty meal. Moreover, with regard to those who spend the forenoon in real hard physical work, whether it be forced toil or pleasure, a good square lunch and an hour's leisure after is most desirable. But when we come to speak of the large army who spend their force rather in brain than in physical work, it is not so easy to answer the question we have asked.

One good rule is that the more brain and the less physical work there is the lighter should be the lunch, and the more likely is a heavy meal to be digested, say at dinner-time.

Another is that where half an hour or an hour's rest from work cannot be secured after lunch it ought to be light.

In the many cases where nothing but a hasty ten or fifteen minutes can be snatched, heavy solid food sometimes proves to be actually suicidal.

Although, however, we have for many people rather discredited the heavy lunch, there can be no doubt that to omit it altogether is a serious error for most. The more regularity there is in meals all through life the better, and while the healthy can well disregard this and many another hygienic maxim, the more delicate are seen to suffer if they do not break their fast from morning to night.

Though not strictly a part of dietetics, may we interpose one word of caution against the pernicious habit of "nipping" so common in business? A few whiskies and sodas in the morning over bargains or interviews often take the place with dire effect of lunch.

#### ONE MEAL A DAY.

Contrast with these advices the practice of a bygone age. It is true, the following is an extreme instance, but nevertheless the custom of taking enormous meals and quantities of wine—in short, gorging to repletion—was very common at one period.

Sir Risdon Bennett has recorded the daily practice of a Dr. Fordyce, a physician and lecturer on chemistry to St. Thomas's Hospital, and presumably, therefore, a man who ought to have known better, as follows: "At four o'clock in the afternoon he presented himself at 'Dolly's Chop House' and took his seat at a table reserved for him. Immediately on his arrival, the cook would place a pound and a half of rumpsteak upon the gridiron, and while it was cooking the doctor would amuse himself with



some such trifle as half a boiled capon or a plate of fish, and a glass or two of brandy, his regular allowance being a quarter of a pint. Then came the steak, with a full accompaniment of bread and potatoes, and it was always served with a quart tankard of strong ale. This was followed by a bottle of old port; and when the dinner was finished, as it invariably was in an hour and a half, he walked leisurely to his room in Essex Street in the Strand, where he met his class, and gave his lecture on chemistry." This was his only meal in the twenty-four hours. We should imagine the chemistry discourses must have been peculiarly edifying.

#### DINNERS AND MEAT TEAS.

About dinner the chief points are leisure of mind and body, moderation, especially as to animal food, and variety.

For a large number, dinner is *the* meal of the day, and though late it has the advantage of being taken when the worry of the day is over. Of course it does not do to rush straight to dinner from business, a walk or at any rate some quiet time should intervene.

There is, however, a large majority of the population who never dine late, some substituting supper, and others meat teas. The latter, however innocuous and satisfactory for the young and vigorous, are not to be recommended to any with the least *suspicion* of dyspepsia.

Before passing on to the dietary of the aged we must say a few words more on the food applicable to special cases.

#### SPECIAL DIETS.

Sedentary brain workers require much less albuminous food than others. Excess of meat diet in this class absolutely means disease—gout or some of its congeners, no doubt preceded by a longer or shorter period of severe dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia is a great cause of irritability of temper, and the sunnier temper of the Gaul is said to be due quite as much to his more digestible dietary as to his brighter skies, while the Japanese, who live on rice and vegetables, are never rude or out of temper at all.

Brain workers and all idlers as a rule require far less meat than navvies or labourers, but in general they eat far more, to their own great injury.

In training for severe physical exercises, however, though the enormous quantities of animal food are amongst the excesses of the past, it is still undoubtedly true that men train better on a moderate amount of meat than on the vegetable albumens.

During adult life weight should not be greatly gained or lost, but the balance maintained within the limits of half a stone or thereabouts.

For putting on fat it is well to remember the potent influence of starch and sugar foods as well as fats.

Two extra lumps of sugar a day may put on nearly a stone weight in the course of a year.

To reduce flesh, all effectual methods lessen the total amount of food taken rather more than one half, the carbohydrates (starch and sugar) being almost entirely tabooed, as well as the fats, while the albuminous food is increased by a quarter or a half.

It is commonly thought that weight is reduced by great restrictions in the amount of fluid taken. Such is not the case. The thinnest people often drink the most. As long as the drink is tea or water, or claret and water, or similar fluids, it will not increase weight. It is beer, stout, café au lait, and chocolate, that do this, all of which are in measure foods as well as beverages.

#### DIET FOR THE AGED.

A few words now in conclusion on the very important and little understood subject of the diet for the aged.

There is no doubt that people have lived to an extreme old age on all sorts of diets, from crusts of bread soaked in water, and few of them, to hot buttered rolls and suppers of hot roast meat with plenty of wine. But these exceptions prove nothing, save perhaps the rule for the dieting of the aged, and that is, that their food must be increasingly less in quantity, and simple in quality, approaching more and more in simplicity to the dietary of the nursery.

Out of 800 people who died over 80 years of age, 60 per cent. were moderate eaters, 30 per cent. small, and *only 10 per cent. large*. Let this fact be duly noted by all who have the care of aged people, or who are aged themselves. The older a person is after 50 the less food he requires. Luigi Cornaro, who lived to over 100, though naturally of a feeble constitution, took only twelve ounces of solid and six ounces of liquid food, and when at the earnest entreaties of his friends he increased the allowance, it caused a severe illness. The great point is to avoid checking the excretory and overtaxing the digestive organs, for it is not the amount of coals we put in a grate that warms the room, but the amount that is burnt.

Again, care is not only required in quantity, but quality. It is a great error to suppose the aged require a rich or even a very nourishing diet.

In meat foods especially, extreme moderation is essential, and he does an ill service to an aged relation who fits him up with a set of false teeth and places before him a large steak.

Farinaceous combined with moderate amounts of fat foods should be the staple. The food of the nursery is best in extreme old age. Bread, milk, and honey make a capital diet. Milk agrees with nearly all aged people. Cream and fresh butter in moderation are good. Soup enriched

with a little cream or marrow is light and nourishing. The meals should be at regular and frequent intervals not exceeding four hours. If weight is being gained the diet should certainly be decreased, excepting of course when it is due to disease. The food should always be warm, and a little given the last thing at night. A little in the night is often also needed. Hot milk, with a little Mellin's food, is an admirable drink at night, and can be kept quite warm in a hot-water jug covered with a cosy.

As years creep on a doze after breakfast and before dinner, as well as the forty winks after lunch, is helpful.

Summing up our survey of dietaries during life, we may say that the food during growth should be *unlimited*, during adult life *limited*, and in old age *lessened* in quantity.

Some may perhaps peruse this article with a feeling of disappointment that more exact rules and laws are not laid down; for "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" are still favourite formularies. We have, however, thought it better to instil principles and indicate guiding points, supported by common sense, than to attempt to lay down exact diets for the very varied readers of the "Leisure Hour."

### THE ENEMIES OF BOOKS.<sup>1</sup>

THE foes of books enumerated by Mr. Blades are fire, water, gas, and heat; dust and damp; bookworms and other devourers of paper; rats, mice, and vermin of all sorts; bookbinders and collectors. Many other destroyers of books might have been added, servants, children, and a host of enemies who, either from ignorance, carelessness, or malice, wage war constantly on literary treasures, printed or in manuscript. A few examples of the latter classes of the enemies of books it may be amusing to give, omitting detailed reference to the more obvious and historical instances, such as the destruction of the Alexandrian Library in ancient times, or in modern years by the Great Fire of London.

That much of the destruction due to burning of books, whether on purpose or by accident, may be well styled "good riddance of bad rubbish" will be readily admitted. Of this sort was the bonfire recorded by St. Luke at Ephesus after the preaching of St. Paul. We are told that "they who used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it 50,000 pieces of silver." These were probably Roman denarii, then commonly used in Ephesus. The value of 50,000 denarii, each worth about ninepence, gives £1,875. Taking the value at ten times less than its purchasing power now, we get £18,750 as the cost of the books of magic and witchcraft, and all kinds of idolatrous and pagan worship, got well rid of at Ephesus. There may have been a few good books among them, throwing light upon sun-worship, and points of folk-lore, but the vast mass of the matter burnt was worthless rubbish. The number of useless and foolish books in our own day, occupying miles and miles of shelf-space in the British Museum and other public libraries,

might very profitably be destroyed after the manner of the books of curious arts burned at Ephesus.

It is not so with some other fires famed in history as destroyers of books. How we should like to have saved many of the precious volumes lost at the Great Fire of London in 1666; or during the Gordon Riots, when Lord Mansfield's library was burned; or at Birmingham, when Dr. Priestley's books were destroyed by an equally ignorant and bigoted rabble. Mr. Blades has made lament over sundry disastrous fires of modern times, such as the loss of the curious old library long preserved in the Dutch church, Austin Friars, burnt in 1862; and the fire at Sotheby and Wilkinson's sale-rooms, when Mr. Ofor's collection came to grief; and the destruction of the magnificent library of Strasburg University during the bombardment of the city by the Germans in 1870. All these we must pass over, and say a few words about the other of the two greatest natural enemies to books—water.

Naturally our thoughts turn first to the great deluge in the days of Noah. There were then many nations and cities in the world, and the Flood must have destroyed much of what was recorded on papyrus or other perishing material. But the books of those early periods were chiefly formed of solid stone, and of these enduring substances we are now recovering many imperishable records and historical tablets. Neither need we go back so far as the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II. in the fifteenth century, when, after the city had been sacked by his soldiers, the books in all the churches, as well as the imposing library founded by the Emperor Constantine ages before, and containing more than 120,000 Christian manuscripts, were ordered to be thrown into the sea.

<sup>1</sup> A new edition of "The Enemies of Books," by William Blades, of Caxton celebrity, has lately been issued by Elliot Stock, with a preface by Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., of the British Museum, and charming illustrations by W. Gunnis and H. K. Butler. It is a volume that will delight authors and publishers, as well as readers and collectors of books.

A few instances of lesser importance may be mentioned. In 1775 the famous Maffei Finelli died, whose library was famous throughout the world. It had been collected by the Finelli family, and comprised a wonderful store of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, with numerous manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. The whole library was sold to Mr. Edwards, bookseller, Pall Mall, who placed the treasure in three ships, to be transported from Venice to London. One of the vessels was captured by corsairs, who were disgusted at finding no "treasure" on board according to their notions, and threw all the books into the sea. The two other ships carried their freight safely, and the books and manuscripts were sold at Conduit Street in 1789-1790 for more than £9,000.

A hundred years before, in 1700, as D'Israeli has recorded, a collector, Herr Hudde, of Magdeburg, who had lived in China for thirty years, passing as a Chinaman disguised as a mandarin, had obtained a vast number of books and manuscripts, the ship containing which foundered and was lost in a storm on the ocean. If to the actual losses we add all the damage done by water, in the form of damp and vapour, throughout the libraries of cathedrals, colleges, and houses throughout Europe for several generations, we can have some idea of the havoc wrought by water as an enemy of books.

In 1775 the Recollet Monks of Antwerp, with the purpose of making reforms in their establishment, resolved to get rid of about 1,500 old volumes, some of them manuscripts, which they thought to be rubbish of no value. They gave the whole lot to the gardener as a recognition of long and careful service. The gardener, wiser than the worthy fathers, asked a citizen of learning, M. Vanderberg, to look at them. He offered to pay for them by weight, sixpence a pound. Mr. Stark, a London bookseller, shortly after being at Antwerp, was shown the books. Telling M. Vanderberg that he often bought old books for sale, he offered for these 14,000 francs. The offer was at once accepted, and so surprised and chagrined were the monks when they heard of it, that they humbly requested M. Vanderberg to return to them a small portion of his large gains. He generously gave them 1,200 francs, though there was no legal claim, and so far relieved the poor fathers from vexation at their own ignorance.

One of my own early recollections I give in illustration of the carelessness with which old books are often treated. It was in boyhood's days, when I knew nothing of literature as a calling, or of books (other than school-books) as belonging to trade and commerce. In a carriage drive from Matlock or Buxton, I forget which, we went to see an ancient manor-house, then occupied as a farm, the tenant of which allowed us the run of the place, noted for curious carvings and other antiquities. An old oak chest, under the open sky, in one of the courts of the farm, was half full of antique books and manuscripts. The gardener or laundresses or

other domestics had free use of these old books for lighting fires or any other purpose. Often have I thought in after-times how I should like to have examined some of these possibly priceless relics of other times, once possessed by the wealthy family who in moving to their splendid modern mansion left the old oak chest and its contents to the wilful destruction of the tenants of the deserted manor-house. This happened between sixty and seventy years ago, but similar incidents may occur even in our days, when so many sharp eyes and keen wits are ever on the search for saleable relics of antiquity.

Here is one case of so recent a date as the year 1862, and it is narrated by the clergyman who himself took part in the strange scene. Late one evening he saw an announcement of a sale of furniture, farm implements, and books, to take place next morning at a country rectory in Derbyshire, about four miles from the nearest railway station. Knowing that the deceased rector was a scholarly man, and fond of old books, the resolution to take a day's holiday was soon made, and at 8 o'clock next morning he was in the train for the station nearest the rectory.

"I arrived about noon, and found assembled some thirty or forty of the neighbouring farmers, their wives, men-servants and maid-servants, all seemingly bent on a day's idling rather than business. The sale was advertised to commence at noon, but it was an hour later before the auctioneer put in an appearance, and the first operation in which he took part, and in which he invited my assistance, was to make a hearty meal of bread and cheese and beer in the rectory kitchen. This over, the business of the day began by the setting up for sale a sundry collection of pots, pans, and kettles, followed by some lots of bedding and other furniture. The catalogue gave books as the first part of the sale, and as 3 P.M. was reached, my patience was gone, and I protested to the auctioneer that he was not selling in accordance with his catalogue. To this he replied that there was not time enough, and that he would sell the books to-morrow! This was too much for me, and I suggested that he was not keeping faith with the buyers, and had brought me from a far distance on a false pretence. This did not seem to disturb his good humour, or make him unhappy. He called 'Bill,' the acting porter, and said 'Give the gentleman the key of the "boook room," and let him pick out any of the boooks he pleases; bring them down, and I will sell 'em now.' I followed 'Bill' and soon found myself in a charming library, full of books, mostly old divinity, but with a large number of the best miscellaneous literature, English and foreign. A very short look over the shelves revealed some thirty black-letter books, three or four illuminated missals, and some book rarities of more recent date. Bill took them downstairs, and I wondered what would happen."

He had not long to wait, for the auctioneer took up the books, in lots of two and three, and the selection was rapidly disposed of, at prices from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., the latter being the highest bid of any competitor. On reaching home in the evening, the lots were weeded out, and the "weeding" realised four or five times more than had been given for the whole, leaving the possessor with some real treasures for his own library. Some weeks afterwards he heard that the remainder of the books were literally treated as waste lumber, and carted off to the neighbouring town, and were to be had, any one of them, for sixpence, from a cobbler who had allowed his shop to be used as a storehouse for



them. The news of their being there at last reached the ears of an old bookseller at Birmingham, who cleared out the whole lot of books at an even lower price.

Here is a case more modern and more wonderful recorded by Mr. Blades. A friend of his took lodgings in 1877 in Preston Street, Brighton, a well-known street, close to the great hotels and the Western Pier. The morning after his arrival he found in a basket of waste paper some leaves of an old black-letter book. On inquiring if there were any more where these came from, the landlady said there could be very few now, but made the servants bring what fragments could be found. The landlady said that her father, who was fond of antiquities, had at one time a chest full of such books, but on his death the chest was put away. Wanting to use the chest, and supposing the old books to be only rubbish, she had for years been using them as waste, and she thought they were nearly all used up. Among the few fragments was a good portion of one of the rarest books of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor. The title is a curious woodcut, with the words "Gesta Romanorum," and there are other rude but priceless woodcuts. It was from this very work that Shakespeare got the story of the three caskets so famous in "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Blades got from his friend these precious fragments for his own library.

Want of space must compel me to pass by the chapters about insect enemies of books—ants, beetles, bookworms of all sorts, the figures and the stories of which are as interesting to students of Kirby and Spence's entomology as to collectors of Wynkyn de Worde or Caxtons. Rats, mice, and other "small deer" we must also leave, although many a good story is recorded about their ravages. Do our readers recollect that one about the celebrated preacher Robert Hall and his sermon on "The devil and satanic influence"? He had finished

the sermon and left it on his table ready for being taken to the pulpit. On returning to his study after a short absence the sermon could nowhere be found. He tells the story of its loss with such emphasis of regret that we almost sympathise with his deep belief that the devil had caused it to be taken away. An imaginative man might well believe that evil spirits had entered into the bodies of rats, who had carried off and hidden the terrible manuscript.

In what remains we must only briefly refer to the many human enemies who are destroying books. The stupidity of binders is notorious. A notable example occurred in 1877 in connexion with the Caxton exhibition of that year at South Kensington. A certain lord, who had succeeded to a fine collection of books, promised to send some to that exhibition. Thinking their outward appearance rather shabby, he sent them to be rebound in a neighbouring county town. The country bookbinder restored them in resplendent manner, but a friend pointed out to the owner that by ploughing off discoloured margins, and other "tooling," the books had been ruined. The Caxtons had been damaged at least to the amount of £500; and the ridicule that would have followed the exhibition of such restored and beautiful books must have been supreme. The poor injured volumes were never sent to London.

Other ingenious ways of injuring books have been practised. One collector used to cut out the title-pages of old volumes, and there was printed in April 1880 a catalogue, by a maniac of this class, enumerating the contents of the collection of title-pages, obtained by the disfigurement and destruction of valuable old volumes. Many are the examples of similar follies and atrocities put on record by Mr. Blades, and well known to Mr. Quaritch or other dealers in old books, as well as to the custodians of our public libraries.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

## A Cluster of Thoughts.

### No Lawyer made the Will of God.

Some make God's will a document  
Drawn up with legal fitness:  
And you would fancy they had lent  
Their signature as witness.

### If thy ground yield stones. Build an altar.

Grieve not for crops thy spirit may not yield:  
Yet ask God's grace to drain and till the field.

### God keeps our ways: Safen our wanderings.

Art on some bypath of thine own?  
Fear to pursue the track:  
Art on the way that God hath shown?  
Fear only turning back.

### No temptation, no purification.

Surely, Temptation, thou dost wear  
No pleasant face,  
Yet hast thou daughters sweet and fair—  
Patience and Grace.

### Fear not thy weakness: only fear thy strength.

"Oray γὰρ ἀσθενῶ, τότε δυνατός εἰμι."  
"My strength is insufficient": bow the knee  
And make that knowledge thy sufficiency.

### Make balm of each day's herb o' grace.

Pluck the day's heart before it go,  
Lest all thy life its perfume lack:  
For straining rope and loud yeo-ho  
The ball of sunset floats not back.

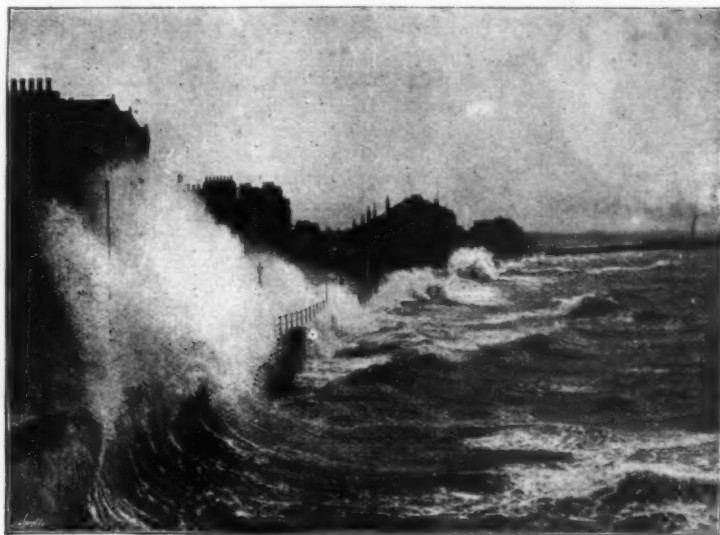


FROM OUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.



PORTUGUESE BULLOCK TRAIN.

A FIRST PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH. BY T. CRISP SANDERSON.



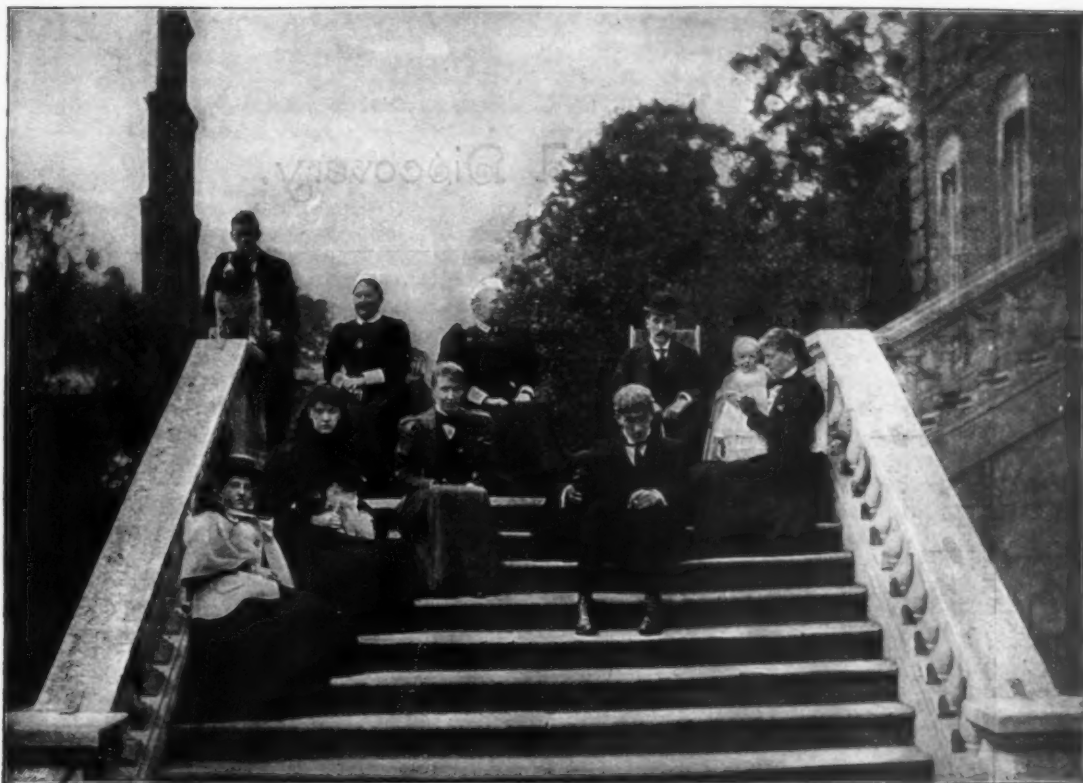
FIRST PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH IN "THE SEA" COMPETITION.

BY R. F. SCOTT, BIRKENHEAD.

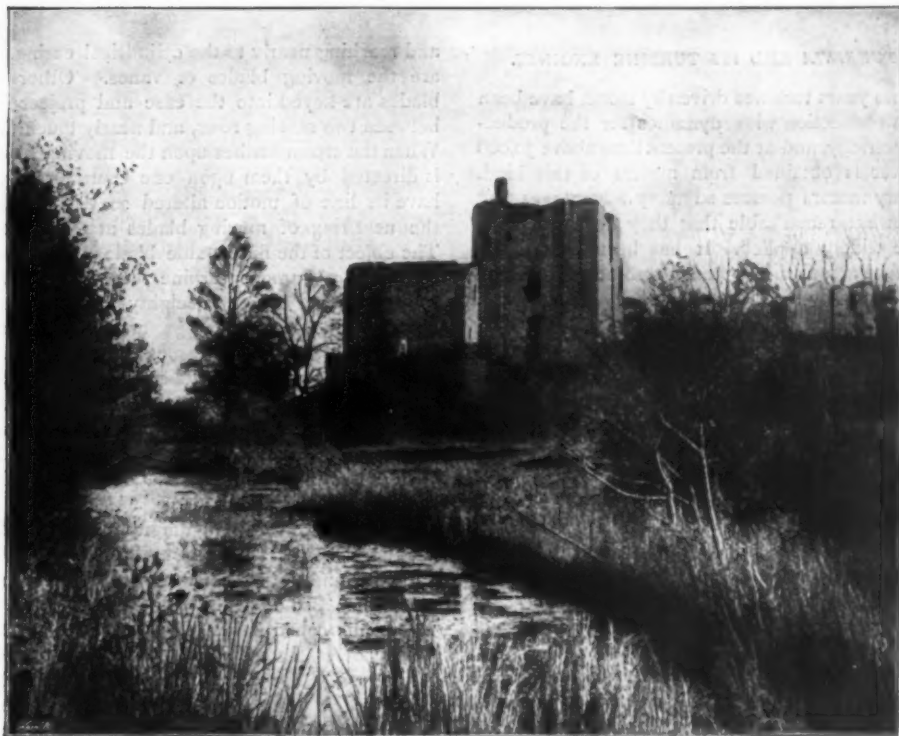


WAITING FOR A NIBBLE.

SECOND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH IN THE "FAMILY GROUP" COMPETITION. BY J. C. OLIVER, GLASGOW.

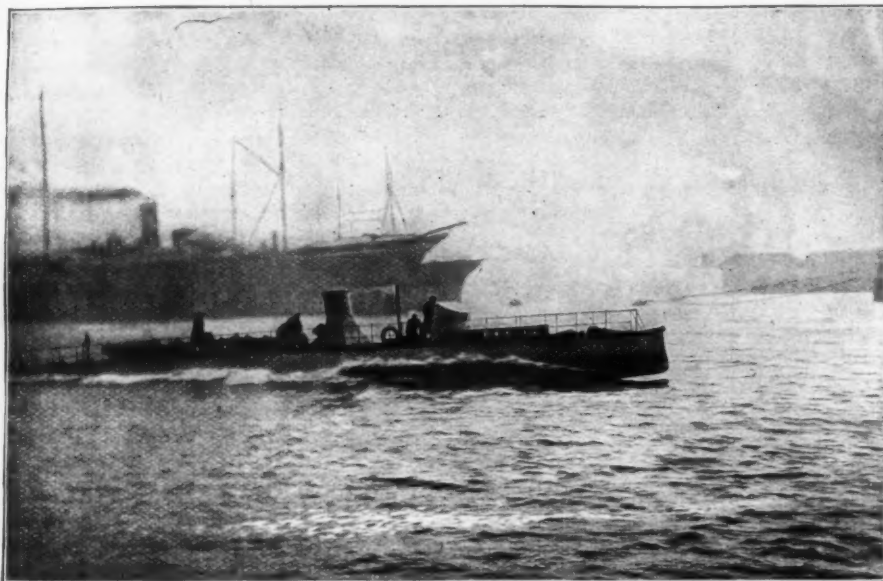


"FAMILY GROUP" COMPETITION, FIRST PRIZE.  
BY AMELIA FENWICK, TYNEMOUTH.



BROUGHAM CASTLE, PENRITH.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CHARLES SMITH, PENRITH. (A SECOND PRIZE WINNER.)

## Science and Discovery.



"THE TURBINIA."  
Length 100 feet, 9 feet beam, 3 feet draught amidships, and 44½ tons displacement.

### THE TURBINIA AND ITS TURBINE ENGINES.

For some years turbines driven by steam have been worked in connection with dynamos for the production of electricity, and at the present time above 30,000 horse-power is obtained from motors of this kind. Such rotary motors possess so many advantages that it is somewhat remarkable that they have not been still more widely applied. It has been left to the Hon. C. A. Parsons to use steam turbines for marine propulsion, and by his kindness we are able to give a picture of his little craft, the *Turbinia*, which is the first ship fitted with turbine engines. The boat was present at the Jubilee Naval Review, and to naval officers it was as interesting as any of the great collection of ironclads assembled at Spithead upon that occasion.

A turbine driven by steam is very similar to a water turbine, or, to use a more familiar example, a wind-mill of the American type. The vanes are fixed to a shaft surrounded by a steam-tight metal casing. High-pressure steam is admitted to the case, and it strikes upon the vanes, spinning them round and consequently rotating the shaft to which they are fixed. This is the steam turbine in its most elementary form. The turbines invented by the Hon. Charles Parsons are not so simple, but the principle of their action is the same. They consist of a number of rows of brass blades fixed around the circumference of the shaft,

and reaching nearly to the cylindrical casing. These are the moving blades or vanes. Other sets of blades are keyed into the case and project inwardly between two moving rows, and nearly touch the shaft. When the steam strikes upon the moving blades and is directed by them upon one course, it requires to have its line of motion altered so that it will strike the next ring of moving blades at the right angle. The object of the fixed guide blade is to perform this duty. In a Parsons turbine there are about eighty rows of moving blades and eighty rows of guide blades arranged in alternate rings, and the steam passes from the first to the last through the complete turbine motor, giving up some of its energy to each. As the steam expends its energy upon the blades, it decreases in pressure and increases in volume. The blades are therefore correspondingly increased in size, so that what is lost in pressure is made up by an increase of the area acted upon.

The two accompanying diagrams respectively represent the *Turbinia* as she would appear if cut in half vertically and horizontally. With the diagrams a few words of explanation will be sufficient to give a good idea of the construction of the boat. Steam from the boiler passes through the main steam pipe into the high-pressure turbine or motor, and rotates the shaft, upon which three screw propellers are threaded in line. The steam, now at a greater volume and lower pressure, next passes into the intermediate motor, and



expends energy in rotating another shaft carrying three more propellers. It then enters the low-pressure

motor and drives a third propeller shaft carrying three screws, and finally passes into the exhaust pipe. The vessel has thus nine screws working on three propeller shafts. When running at full speed the screws make 2,200 revolutions per minute, a rate of turning never reached in any other vessel. With such a high speed, screws of the ordinary dimensions cannot be used, and it is to obtain the necessary grip upon the water that three screws, each eighteen inches in diameter, are mounted upon each shaft.

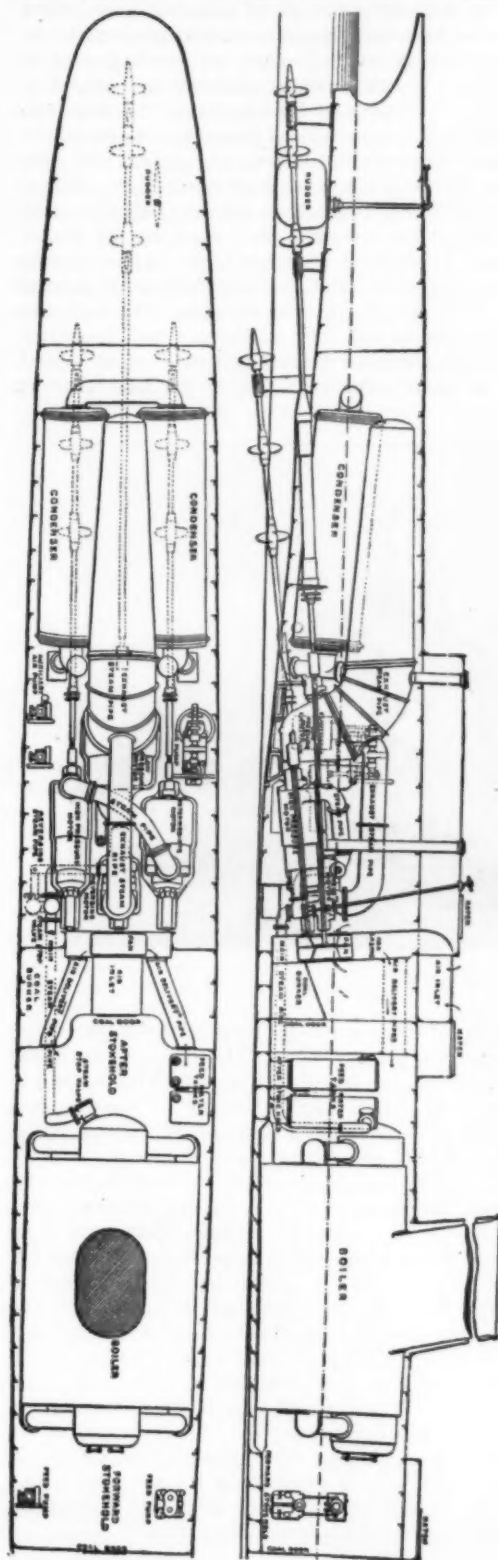
The maximum speed as yet attained by the boat is 34 knots—that is, 39 miles—an hour, and it is believed that a speed of 40 knots will be reached. This in itself is a most remarkable performance, but it is enhanced by the fact that even at the highest speed there is no vibration—none of the thump-thump noise of the ordinary marine engine. People who have slept upon steamboats will best realise what this means. The turbine motors possess many other advantages over the reciprocating engine, and we shall doubtless see it very widely adopted for the propulsion of ships in the future. In the *Turbinia* Mr. Parsons has achieved splendid success, and the efficiency of his ingeniously constructed steam turbines makes us wonder why the ordinary engine has so long held the field.

#### THE DIGNITY OF MAN IN NATURE.

One of the most interesting addresses delivered at the recent meeting of the British Association in Toronto was the one given by Professor Sir William Turner, President of the Anthropological Section, upon the subject of the bodily form and structure of man. The dignity of the human body, and the conception that man is the crown and glory of all organic nature, is not only accepted by sacred writers, but also by such great Greek philosophers as Aristotle and Galen. The human form is indeed distinguished from that of all other creatures by multitudinous structural details long recognised by anatomists. Sir William Turner referred to some of these differences, but dwelt more particularly upon those which have been brought into prominence by recent researches. The concluding paragraph of the address expresses the distinctive characters of man so concisely that we give it in the author's own words: "The capability of erecting the trunk; the power of extending and fixing the hip and knee joints when standing; the stability of the foot; the range and variety of movement of the joints of the upper limb; the balancing of the head on the summit of the spine; the mass and weight of the brain, and the perfection of its internal mechanism, are distinctively human characters. They are the factors concerned in adapting the body of man, under the guidance of reason, intelligence, the sense of responsibility and power of self-control, for the discharge of varied and important duties in relation to himself, his Maker, his fellows, the animal world, and the earth on which he lives."

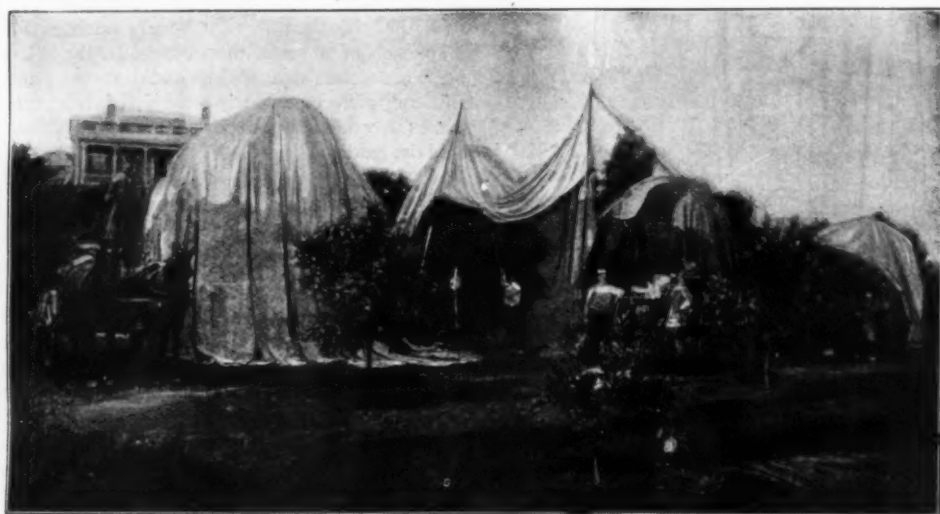
#### AN ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE-POISON.

Professor T. R. Fraser has recently made an addition to a valuable series of papers published by him



upon the subject of serpent's venom and antidotes for it. One of the most remarkable results of the earlier investigations was the discovery that an animal could swallow, without obvious injury, a quantity of serpent's venom sufficient to kill one thousand animals of the same kind if injected under the skin. It was evident from this that there is something in an animal's stomach which counteracts the poison of serpents, and Professor Fraser has now found that this something is the bile secretion. The bile of all animals proves to be anti-venomous, but in different degrees, the most potent being bile obtained from the gall-bladders of poisonous serpents themselves. From the bile of a puff-adder the constituent which acts against venom has been isolated, so that the experiments not only show that bile is able to render serpent's venom inert, but also indicate that from bile a very efficacious antidote for snake-poisoning may be extracted. As in

judgment against the insects and the sentence of excommunication. This procedure is a good instance of the masterly inactivity of mediæval times, when injuries due to any natural cause were concerned. In these days, we are glad to say, men are beginning to learn that disease, whether produced by bacteria or insect pests, can only be kept under by their own efforts, and as soon as they lessen their vigilance the enemy commences its devastations again. How very thoroughly this lesson has been learned in California, as regards insects which do injury to fruit-trees, may be seen in the year-book just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. Insect enemies have been introduced into California from all parts of the world, but the problem of coping with them has been taken up with such intelligence and vigour that the State possesses the best system of insect control to be found anywhere. One of the most effective



THE FUMIGATION OF FRUIT-TREES.

many other cases, the facts gained by patient experiment confirm methods arrived at as the result of outdoor experience. Professor Fraser points out that serpent's bile enters into the composition of the medicines most trusted in for the treatment of snake-bite by the natives of Africa. Venom itself is swallowed as an antidote, but many snake-doctors consider that bile is more effective. In some parts of England, even, the remedy prescribed for a viper-bite is to kill a viper, extract the liver and rub it upon the bitten part. Professor Fraser's experiments prove that this mode of treatment has a good deal of reason behind it.

#### WAR AGAINST INSECT PESTS.

In the Middle Ages insect pests are said to have been dealt with by spiritual judges. The accused insects were summoned to appear before a court, and in case of non-appearance, which always happened, they were represented by a proxy whose plea of extenuating circumstances was invariably followed by

means of treating infested trees is to fumigate them with hydrocyanic-acid gas. The trees to be fumigated are completely covered with large tents impervious to gas, drawn over them by means of uprights and pulley blocks, as shown in the accompanying figure. Materials for producing the gas are placed inside the tent, and the gas is allowed to act upon the trees for about three-quarters of an hour, this being sufficient to destroy most insect life without injuring the trees. Superheated steam is also sometimes used instead of hydrocyanic-acid gas, and it has the advantage of being much cheaper. Spraying trees with kerosene emulsion and other insecticides is not nearly so effective as gas or steam in destroying the scale insects, which are the worst enemies of Californian fruit-growers. It seems probable, however, that neither spraying nor fumigation will be much required in the future, for certain ladybirds imported from Australia are found to feed greedily upon scale insects, and when in sufficient numbers they soon exterminate these insects from infested fruit-groves.

## METALS MADE TO FLOAT UPON WATER.

A steel needle can be made to float if carefully placed upon the surface of water. The best way to perform the experiment is to place a piece of tissue-paper with a needle upon it upon a basin of water, so that when the paper becomes wet and sinks the needle will be left upon the surface. To prevent disappointment, however, we hasten to add that the needle must be clean (not greased, as the books say), and that very skilful handling is necessary to ensure success. Shortly before his recent death Professor A. M. Mayer concluded an investigation on the flotation of various metal rings and discs upon water. From the results then obtained, it appears that not only will all metals

with clean surfaces float upon water, but an appreciable weight, in addition to the weight of the metal itself, is required to break through a water surface. A ring about two inches in diameter, made of aluminium wire an eighth of an inch thick, is easily floated, and its weight has to be increased by nearly one-fifth before it will sink. Rings of iron, tinned iron, copper, brass, German silver, and other metals also require additional weight in order to make them sink, and a ring of platinum—a metal which is twenty-one times heavier, bulk for bulk, than water—will float upon pure water for so long a period as sixty-six hours. The reason why a metal is able to float in this extraordinary way is that it is kept from touching the water by a film of air which coats the surface of all metals.

R. A. GREGORY.

## Continental and American Notes.

The American consul at St. Petersburg has written a report to the State Department at Washington concerning the use of the bicycle in the Russian capital. American manufacturers are of opinion that American-made bicycles are so good that they must inevitably sell in large numbers in any country in which they are once introduced. The Consul-General's report is intended seemingly to explain some of the obstacles to the popularity of the bicycle in Russia. Among these are the shortness of the season in which the bicycle can be used; the lack of money among the people; and the regulations which, in St. Petersburg and other cities, are made and enforced by the municipal authorities. Until February 1897 women were not permitted to appear in the streets of St. Petersburg on bicycles. They may now use them in streets; but all bicycle riders within the city are subject to a code in which there are no fewer than seventeen regulations. The most important is the one which regulates the issuing of permits to people who desire to ride. The permits are issued by the police at a cost of about five shillings to the applicant; and before a permit can be granted, the applicant must produce a certificate of efficiency on the wheel from one of the cycling associations of St. Petersburg. Affixed to each permit is a photograph of the person to whom it is granted, and to each bicycle there must be attached number plates, one below the handle-bar and the other at the back below the saddle. Permits must always be carried by the holders when using their wheels. When several bicycle riders are together, they must ride in Indian file at a distance of not less than fourteen feet apart. Riding a bicycle without a coat, or in any costume likely to attract attention, is forbidden; and in respect to many places, and on various occasions, the city authorities exercise the right to stop bicycle-riding altogether. The permits are good for

only a year, and any rider who offends against the code may be deprived of his permit and compelled to put aside his wheel.

From June to August last the postage-stamps in use in Canada were of a special kind, and were designed by the post-office department to mark the Jubilee year. Instead of the ordinary, almost square stamp, with the medallion of Her Majesty the Queen as its centre-piece, the Jubilee stamp took an elongated form and bore two medallions of the Queen. One was of the Queen as she appeared in the medallions of 1837, and the other as a present-day medallion of Her Majesty like that on stamps now current in Great Britain. The Canadian Jubilee stamps ranged in denominations from half a cent to five dollars. Those issued in largest numbers were the one-cent and the three-cent stamps. Of the one-cent denomination eight millions were issued. Of the three-cent stamps the total issue was twenty millions. Letter postage in the Dominion is three cents, so that the three-cent Canadian stamp fills a similar place in post-office economy to that of the penny stamp in England. Of the stamps, ranging in value from one to five dollars, only twenty-five thousand of each denomination were issued. Of post-cards the issue was seven millions. Altogether eighteen denominations of stamps were issued, and to buy a complete and unused set a collector had to pay at the post-office sixteen dollars and twenty-one cents. In round figures, in English currency this is about three guineas. The stamps were soon in great demand. The post-office department at Ottawa used great care to see that every part of the Dominion, however remote, got its fair quota of stamps, and to prevent speculators from monopolising large quantities at the offices of issue. In thus marking the Jubilee, Canada followed the example of her neigh-

The Bicycle  
in Russia.

A Canadian  
Jubilee Stamp.

bour. When the World's Fair was held at Chicago in 1893, millions of Columbus-year stamps were issued from the post-office department at Washington. In design and workmanship these stamps embodied some of the best results ever achieved by the world-famous bureau of engraving and printing at Washington. These American stamps were elongated, as are the Canadian Jubilee stamps. The designs represented scenes and incidents in the discovery of America. Comparatively few other than Columbian stamps were used for some months during 1893 and 1894, and by the middle of 1894 it was a rare occurrence to receive a letter prepaid with a Columbian stamp.

German  
Readers.

The "National Zeitung" was curious to know what authors found the greatest numbers of readers in Germany of to-day. Steps were taken to set this matter beyond doubt. The inquiry was somewhat laborious, as may be supposed, and in the early stages the conclusion pointed to was that public taste went with contemporary authors; but it turned out to be quite erroneous. The book that is most read is Schiller's "William Tell." The next on the list is Goëthe's "Hermann and Dorothea." After these two works come "Ivanhoe" and "The Pickwick Papers," from which it would appear that next to Schiller and Goëthe the most popular authors in Germany are Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Even the fifth on the list is not a German, but a certain William Shakespeare. It should be stated that the inquiry was based upon the sales of books in large towns, and that all the smaller places were left out of the reckoning. It appears very improbable, however, that the general conclusions would be upset by returns from the rural districts.

English  
Example.

The growth of municipal life in England has been strikingly illustrated in the "Midland Sketches," which we close this month with an account of Birmingham. People who have witnessed with pleasure the development of this spirit in London and elsewhere, will be interested to learn that the good and wholesome influences due to many of these recent municipal departures are not confined to England. During the campaign which preceded the election of a new municipal body for the city of Greater New York in 1897, the example of London was continuously cited in support of several sanitary reforms grievously needed in New York. What London has done in recent years in this direction was described in electioneering literature printed in half-a-dozen languages, and with this literature there were excellent photographic reproductions of the baths and washhouses at Newington, of those at Deptford, and of those at Shoreditch. It was shown in these pamphlets that London has public baths and washhouses in twenty-seven vestry districts, while in

New York the only institutions of this kind are three or four maintained by public charity. At the time this literature of contrast was in circulation in New York, the Department of Labour at Washington, a Federal institution of much usefulness, published an exhaustive report on the public baths and washhouses not only of London, but of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and other British cities. In respect to the housing of the working classes in London and other large English cities much the same thing has occurred. The various plans adopted in England have been officially reported on in the United States.

Tobacco.

The adversaries of tobacco will find their hands strengthened for the fight by some facts that have lately been brought to light in France through the dissatisfaction of persons employed in the State tobacco manufactories. Many thousands of people of both sexes are employed by the Government, either in preparing its tobacco for use or in making cigars and cigarettes. The discontent of the "hands" at length found expression in a Congress for the discussion of various grievances. Among these were the unhealthiness of the occupation, owing to the constant contamination of the air by the poisonous exhalations of the narcotic plant. It was represented that the absorption of this poison through the pores of the skin and the mucous membrane, as also the habit of inhaling the dust of tobacco and the emanations of nicotine, produced a series of disorders, such as dyspepsia, hallucinations, and defective sight.

Toronto  
Boys.

Mr. Robert J. Fleming, who in 1897 was mayor of Toronto, will always have a kindly place in the recollections of the generation of Toronto boys who were at school during his mayoralty. Mr. Fleming did not obtain for the boys an extra week's holiday for the Jubilee, or even entertain them at a big tea. He merely recalled the fact that, when school is out for the summer vacation, boys naturally take to the water, and in order to provide the Toronto boys with a good and safe bathing-place, he put on a special steamer to carry the boys from the Toronto water front to a sand-bar out in Lake Ontario. The steamer ran from two of the wharves at frequent intervals between two in the afternoon and nine in the evening, and all boys under sixteen years of age were given free passes to and from the sand-bar as often as they cared to go. Summer weather in Toronto is hot, and to those boys whose parents were not able to send them on to farms, or take them to the woods or the lakes, the privilege of being able to get out to the sand-bar whenever they liked added largely to their summer enjoyment. The average number of boys carried daily during August was 2,000.



## Varieties.

Japanese  
Chess.

There are some notable peculiarities in the game of chess as played in Japan. The chief difference between it and the chess of Western nations is that the pieces when captured remain on the board, and can be played by the opponent. He can place the pieces on any vacant square outside the enemy's camp. There are forty pieces, instead of thirty-two as in our chess. The additional pieces are one pawn (Fu, or the foot-soldier, as the pawns are called); one extra Queen on both sides; and two pieces which have no exact counterpart in the Western game. The squares are all of the same colour, and the pieces vary in size according to their value. The King (Oh Shio) is entitled to move one square in any direction. On each side of the King are placed two pieces, the Gold General and the Silver General. It would take too long to describe the powers of these pieces, how they move, and how many squares they command (Kin Shio and Gin Shio); but the most extraordinary extra piece is the Kiosha, or flying chariot, which like our castle moves any distance when the squares are clear, whereas the Flying Chariot has a range of sixteen squares in any direction. The players must be seen to be understood, but the fact of the Japanese possessing a game analogous to our chess, of great antiquity, and its origin said to be Chinese, will interest many readers and players of Western nations. There are few of our magazines or newspapers without a separate department for chess. We have not heard whether the native game (Sho-ye) has been at all superseded by the Western game amid other innovations. It is still immensely popular, with its champions and rivalries and records as closely watched as our international contest.

A Lesson to the Ladies of 1555—One of the mysterious oracles who decree the fashion of women's dress lately informed us that year by year the wardrobe of a country lady grows more plain as that of the village maid increases in splendour. There was a time when the lady herself was supposed to need a lesson. Vain man tried to give it by legislative interference. Under Queen Mary a Bill was devised decreeing that "no lady, nor knight's wife, nor gentlewoman" "should have but one velvet gown, one damask gown, one satin gown for winter, and the like single gown for summer: Providing always that they should have for every one silk gown a gown of felt or russet, or camlet, or worsted, and shall wear some of these latter three days every week, upon pain of ten shillings every day." This was carrying matters with a high hand, indeed, and think of the flutter in these aristocratic bosoms when it was suggested that a surveyor—of the masculine gender, of course—should be appointed to examine periodically the ladies' wardrobes, and report upon them! Needless to say,

the measure never became law, nor, had it been placed upon the statute book, would it have achieved its end.—K.

Pseudonymous  
Authors and  
Noms de  
Plume.

There are many lists of pseudonyms and of anonymous works, sometimes elaborate and comprehensive volumes, such as those of Cushing or Halkitt. A shorter compilation is that of A. Cotgrave, of the West Ham Library, and editor of the catalogue of the Guille-Allès Library, Guernsey. Mr. Cotgrave appends his list of pseudonyms to a small subject index to English prose fiction, which he has taken from many sources, including magazines such as "Harper's," "Blackwood's," the "Leisure Hour," and the "Boy's Own Paper." It is a very judicious selection of pseudonyms, including names which have been changed by marriage, which are printed in italics. But in all such lists we find notable omissions, and the absence of reference to the influence of child-speech, as in the two instances following: How did Charles Dickens assume the name of Boz—"Sketches by Boz"? One of his children could not pronounce the familiar "Moses" better than Boz. The second example is the well-known Ouida, the pseudonym of Mlle. de la Ramé. Whence did it come? From a child's infantine imitation of the name *Louisa*.

The *Shannon*  
and the  
*Chesapeake*.

It seems only yesterday that we had with us Wallis, who was Broke's first lieutenant, and who took charge of the *Shannon* when his captain fell, sorely wounded. Captain Broke recovered, and was made ultimately rear-admiral, having previously been made a baronet and a K.C.B. But his fighting days were over after the capture of the *Chesapeake* in 1813. It was in 1830 he was made rear-admiral, and he died in 1841. He entered the navy in 1793, and saw much service in his early days, including Hotham's victory off Genoa in 1795, and the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797. The capture of the *Chesapeake* was one of the most memorable events in the history of the British navy, and this is retold in W. Wood's book of this year about "Famous British War-ships." As to his lieutenant in that engagement, he rose to be Admiral of the Fleet Sir Provo W. Parry Wallis, G.C.B., who died in 1892, at the age of one hundred years, eighty years after the famous duel in Boston Bay. Among his most cherished possessions were a piece of the wood of the *Chesapeake* and a portrait of her brave commander. These relics, as well as a box made of the wood of the *Shannon*, and her figure-head, were in the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891. In the United Service Institution at Whitehall may be seen many mementoes of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*.

Longing for  
Greater  
Christian  
Union.

The learned and amiable Dr. Doddridge, though a Nonconformist, undertook a very laborious revisal of Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter. Near the close of his long and excellent preface we find these words: "It is truly my grief that anything should divide me from the fullest communion with those to whom I am united in bonds of as tender affection as I bear to any of my fellow Christians. And it is my daily prayer that God will, by His gentle but powerful influence on our minds, mutually dispose us more and more for such a further union as may most effectually establish the throne of our gracious sovereign, remove the scandals our divisions have occasioned, and strengthen our hands in those efforts by which we are attempting—and might thus, I hope, more successfully attempt—to serve our common Christianity." May we not re-echo these noble words?

Scorpion-  
Stings.

In the "Indian Medical Record," Dr. E. Lerede Chalke, a civil surgeon of Negapatam, says that he has had hundreds of cases of scorpion-stings to deal with, and has tried various remedies to relieve the stinging pain and burning sensation which invariably are the chief symptoms for which relief is sought, and he finds that the application of honey to the affected part acts the best, producing almost instant relief. The stinging and burning sensations vary in degree according to the species of the scorpion which causes the sting. He has seen the small, pale, reddish-brown scorpions in the ceded districts evoke unbearable pain in the part stung, while the black, huge ones so common in the Kurnool district (about six inches in length, with hair on the back and claws like those of crabs) cause great agony to the victim, making him simply writhe under the

pain. He recalls the case of a delicate middle-aged woman, who was suffering from heart disease, and was stung by one of the black kind, a huge monster with formidable claws and a big sting. The woman was carried to his bungalow in great agony. He immediately brought the honey, which he applied gently but freely over the affected part. The relief was almost instantaneous, to the astonishment of the patient and all present.

Astronomical  
Notes for  
October.

The sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 6h. 3m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 36m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 6h. 26m., and sets at 5h. 5m. The moon enters her first quarter at 5h. 32m. on the morning of the 3rd, becomes full at 4h. 42m. on the evening of the 10th, enters her last quarter at 9h. 9m. on that of the 18th, and becomes new at 11h. 28m. on the night of the 25th. She is in apogee, or farthest from the earth, about 10 o'clock on the night of the 14th, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 3 o'clock on that of the 27th. The planet Mercury is at greatest western elongation from the sun on the 7th, and will be visible before sunrise in the early part of the month, near the boundary of the constellations Leo and Virgo. Venus is also a morning star, and at the beginning of the month is in Leo, rising earlier than Mercury, and therefore to the west of him after he has risen. She will be due south of Beta Leonis on the 17th, and soon afterwards pass into Virgo. Mars is not visible during any part of this month. Jupiter is in the eastern part of Leo, very near Mercury at the beginning of the month, and near Venus on the 20th, both planets rising a little before 4 o'clock in the morning. Saturn is still in Scorpio, and to be seen in the south-west when the evening twilight has ceased.

W. T. LYNN.

## The Fireside Club.

### BOOKS FOR A YEAR'S READING.

IN awarding prizes last May for two lists of books for a year's reading, we promised to discuss the large number of papers sent in when opportunity offered. It will interest our book-loving readers if we publish, before this volume closes, a selection of fifty-two books, compiled from all the lists they sent, which they may like to keep for reference and for use. This list is largely drawn from the prize ones, but includes names of many favourites from other competitors. It is given as representing a variety on the bookshelf, but does not pretend to cover any subject, or even to touch upon all, nor does it aspire to supersede that reading upon scientific, religious, or general modern topics which all reading men and women can classify as they please. For ease of reference the fifty-two books are arranged for twelve months from November next, the allowance being one every Saturday. A few notes are appended by way of critical grouping.

*November.*—1. Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living." 2. R. L. Stevenson's "Across the Plains." 3. Froude's

"Short Studies." 4. Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

*December.*—5. Tennyson's "In Memoriam." 6. Boswell's "Life of Johnson." 7. Dickens's "David Copperfield." 8. Milton's Short Odes.

*January.*—9. George Herbert's Poems and his Life, by Walton. 10. Wendell Holmes's "Breakfast Table" Series. 11. Borrow's "Bible in Spain." 12. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." 13. Shakespeare's "Othello."

*February.*—14. Hazlitt's Essays. 15. Keats's Short Poems and his Letters. 16. Bunyan's "Holy War." 17. Meredith's "Egoist."

*March.*—18. Carlyle's "Cromwell." 19. Rudyard Kipling's Poems. 20. Emerson's Essays. 21. Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayam."

*April.*—22. Tourgenieff's "Fathers and Sons." 23. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." 24. Rolleston's translation of Epictetus. 25. Longfellow's shorter Poems. 26. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

*May.*—27. Book of Job. 28. Scott's "Antiquary." 29. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair." 30. Wordsworth's "Prelude."

*June.*—31. C. Lamb's Essays. 32. Palgrave's

"Golden Treasury." 33. Tolstói's "War and Peace." 34. Browning's "Dramatis Personæ." July.—35. C. Brontë's "Jane Eyre." 36. Matthew Arnold's Poems. 37. Helps' "Friends in Council." 38. Bunyan's "Christiana." 39. Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth."

August.—40. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." 41. Pope's "Essay on Man." 42. Vambéry's Travels. 43. Tennyson's Shorter Poems.

September.—44. Walt Whitman's Poems. 45. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." 46. Galt's "Annals of the Parish." 47. Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

October.—48. George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss." 49. Bacon's Essays. 50. Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel." 51. The four Gospels, read straight through as biographies. 52. Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

NOTES.—The above selection may be roughly classified as follows: Remarkable for greatness of conception, 13, 27, 29, 33, 40, 50. For freshness of thought, 17, 19, 30, 34, 44. For distilled wisdom, 10, 14, 20, 21, 24, 31, 37, 41, 42, 45, 47, 51. For great style, 2, 8, 23, 32. As closely illustrating a school or period, 1, 4, 9, 18, 41, 44. For magnificent English, 3, 8, 13, 16, 24, 26, 27, 38, 39, 51, 52. As giving marked national types: (English) 4, 6, 7, 12, 17, 18, 19, 35, 48, 50; (foreign) 11, 22, 33, 40, 42, 50. For musical language, 5, 8, 15, 21, 23, 27, 32, 36.

## ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

### SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

#### FOURTH OF FOUR (see page 680).

#### Hotspur.

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."  
Pt. I. "Henry IV.," Act Three, Scene One.

#### All.

"Like to a harvest-man that's tasked to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire."  
"Coriolanus," Act One, Scene Three.

#### Malvolio.

"My masters, are you mad, or what are you?"  
"Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?"  
"And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."  
"Twelfth Night," Acts Two, Four, and Five.

#### Looking-glass.

"O flattering glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me."  
"Richard II.," Act Four, Scene One.

#### Ephesus.

"Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,  
And coasting homewards came to Ephesus."  
"Comedy of Errors," Act One, Scene One.

#### Taming-school.

"The taming-school! what, is there such a place?  
Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;  
That teacheth tricks, eleven and twenty long,  
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue."

"Taming of the Shrew," Act Four, Scene Two.

#### WHOLE.—Hamlet.

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,  
sword."  
"Hamlet," Act Three, Scene One, etc.

Two prizes are awarded, to B. Coventry and A. F. Roope, who stand highest in a very close competition. Some very ingenious lights were suggested, as *assina-*

*tion, answer, lanthorn*, but on examination solvers will find that none are equally as fit as the ones given above. These acrostics grow in popularity, and it is remarkable that in no previous series have there been so many gallant tries at the crucial closing one as on this occasion.

## AUTUMN PICTURES.

The best selection of these comes from N. Mayne. There were a large number of competitors, and as many gave the same passages from well-known sources, instead of printing the whole of the prize paper we give selections from it and others, many of these deserving commendation for the taste and acquaintance with literature they reveal.

"I saw old Autumn in the misty morn,  
Stand shadowless like silence, listening  
To silence."—T. HOOD.

"Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,  
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad,  
That he had banished hunger."

EDMUND SPENSER.

"Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat,  
Then rose, girdled himself, and o'er the hills  
Fled from our sight—but left his load behind."  
W. BLAKE.

"There is an eventide in the year. When the sun  
withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise  
and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to  
sink into decay."—ALISON, *Sermon on Autumn*.

"Autumnal frosts enchant the pool  
And make the cart-ruts beautiful."  
R. L. STEVENSON.

"There is a sweetness in autumnal days,  
Which many a lip doth praise;  
When the earth, tired a little and grown mute  
Of song, and having borne its fruit,  
Rests for a little space ere winter come.  
It is not sad to turn the face towards home,  
Even though it shows the journey nearly done;  
It is not sad to mark the westering sun,  
Even though we know the night doth come.  
Silence there is indeed for song,  
Twilight for noon;  
But for the steadfast soul and strong  
Life's autumn is as June."—LEWIS MORRIS.

"The ruddy haws  
Now clothe the half-leaved thorn; the bramble bends  
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs  
With auburn branches, dipping in the stream."  
GRAHAME, *An Autumn Sabbath Walk*.

"A wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows,  
And full-grown lambs bleat from hilly bourn.  
Hedge crickets sing, and now with treble soft  
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies."  
KEATS.

## IDEAL HOLIDAYS (see page 679).

The passages quoted were from the following sources: 1. "Sea-Dreams," Tennyson. 2. "Up at a Villa, Down at the City," Browning. 3. "Old Curiosity Shop," ch. xxv., Dickens. 4. "Lowden Sabbath Morn.," R. L. Stevenson. 5. "Adam Bede," ch. xxvi., George Eliot. 6. "Evening (by a Tailor)," O. W. Holmes. 7. "The Newcomes," ch. xxvii., Thackeray. 8. "The Palace" (Flyleaves), Calverley.



## The Heart of the Pageant.

A POSTLUDE.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTY NOBLE YEARS."

THE great year dies like any common year ;  
The gold and purple pale to monkish grey ;  
And these our eyes that search'd the flashing sphere,  
Bidding the east unto the west draw near,  
Scarce travel o'er the way.  
A poet's dream flower'd in a pageant clear,  
And London's dullest lounge stood a seer :—  
That populace of princes and that mere  
City of heartbeats, do they end in drear  
Ash, and the shortest day ?

Nay, London folds her fogs, but nevermore  
Our kindled English hearts can shrink and dry  
To con our gospel in the daybook's lore,  
To make the world our square of dusty floor,  
Our patch of smoky sky.  
The northern lights have stream'd above our door ;  
The southern cross has hung o'er London's roar ;  
A moment did the living earth explore,  
And life is larger than it was before ;  
God's moments cannot die.

England is one with sea and continent,  
With peak and prairie, pole and tropics, one ;  
Her robe of night and morning hath no rent ;  
She weights the globe to wheel and swing unspent  
About the burning sun ;  
All oceans wash her feet ; to her is lent  
The heart of man for language eloquent ;  
Her flag is sunrise, and behold ! her tent  
Spreads where the light's unwoven gems are bent,  
And the swift meteors run.

Brothers, O brothers, let our spirits kneel,  
Under the few pale stars that speck our skies,  
Praying, "O Lord, our fears and factions heal ;  
Knit up our good in nature's commonweal ;  
Let us be large and wise.  
We would not deal as little nations deal,  
Snarling and snatching lest another steal ;  
Let all things human knock with sure appeal,  
English and kindly ; give us hearts to feel,  
Strong hands, and gentle eyes.

"The raindrop sinks into the sea, and lo !  
Our little life in time's tremendous main  
Merges ; it is a mist that strong winds blow,  
A summer shadow driven to and fro ;  
Yet doth our work remain.  
Thou sendest showers to them that plough and sow ;  
And every seed of good doth sprout and grow ;  
Better our day than sixty years ago.  
Lord, give us fruitful lives, and let them know  
The garner of Thy grain."









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"Yours truly,

"SAMUEL PATTERSON."

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# WHO ARE THE HAPPY, WHO ARE THE FREE ?

YOU TELL ME, AND I'LL TELL THEE.



Those who have tongues that never lie,  
Truth on the lip, truth in the eye,

To Friend or to Foe  
To all above and to all below ;

THESE ARE THE HAPPY, THESE ARE THE FREE, SO MAY IT BE WITH THEE AND ME.

What higher aim can man attain than conquest over human pain ?

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